The Lenthorn

VOL. VIII

'05

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THE
LANTHORN.
SUS QUE HAN I AH.
1905.

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1905

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GDC. 05

Students, alumni, friends, with your consent,
Unto you now we do this work present,
So just awhile forget times' distances;
Quaff once again of reminiscences.
Under the rays of sympathic light,
Each one should scan this work with feelings right.
Hail our attempts! We did our efforts ply,
And pray do not our products here decry.
No; be not critical as you peruse;
Note first that to enjoy you must excuse,
As entertainment only is our aim.

Unjust is he who e'er resents a joke,
Not willing to receive a friendly poke,
If now your name in fun should so appear,
Vibrate your vocal chords in laughter clear.
Ere far you look facts, too, will be revealed
Respective to art, culture, track and field,
Susquehanna life we now portray
In picture, story, song, and words that weigh.
The Lanthorn thus attempts its mission grand;
You can its scheme assist by welcome hand.



To

Prof. George E. Fisher, A. M.

whose appreciation of their virtues

and charity toward their

shortcomings

have made him the fast friend of

Susquehanna students.

PROFESSOR GEORGE E. FISHER, PH. B., A. M.



THE subject of this sketch, Prof. George E. Fisher, was born at Kreamer, Pa., January 17, 1869. Being the son of pious and God-fearing parents almost from his infancy he began to lay those foundations of Christian character for which his entire life has been so distinctively marked. His early education was acquired in the public schools of Snyder County. In 1884 he entered Missionary Institute (now Susquehanna University) and graduated therefrom in 1888. The course of the Institution at that time extended to the end of the Sophomore year. After teaching one year he entered the Junior class at Bucknell University and graduated with honors in 1891 receiving the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy.

After his graduation he was elected to the principalship of the Friends' Normal Institute at Rising Sun, Md., whose affairs he conducted with eminent success. At the end of one year, however, he was called to the department of Natural Sciences in Bucknell Academy. This position he held for a period of four years. During his period of work at Bucknell he won for himself the confidence and esteem of the student body and of the professors of the University. Accordingly when the call came to him in 1896 to become the head of the department of Natural Sciences at Susquehanna University, a very difficult problem confronted him. After considerable thought and prayer, he finally concluded to cast his fortunes and interests with this young and struggling Institution of his own church. That his faith in regard to the University was well founded may be seen in the extensive development of the institution since that time.

In this growth Prof. Fisher played a very prominent part. The major portion of his work, of course, lay in the direction of the development of his own department. During the period of his professorship the Chemical and Physical Laboratory was erected and he had charge of its arrangement and equipment.

All the courses of the University have been greatly enlarged and improved and nowhere has there been a fuller development than in the department of Natural Sciences. So completely and

thoroughly is the work done in this direction that the Medical Schools of the State give full credit for grades obtained in the scientific studies in our University.

But Prof. Fisher's interests do not extend simply to his own department and his own work. Nor do they reach only as far as the University which he dearly loves and to whose cause he is so unselfishly devoted. Nor indeed do they lie simply within the borders of his own church; but they are as large as the cause of education and the welfare of man.

At the University he has always stood for a scientific spirit, for scholarship, for literary excellence and for Christian manhood. In particular, he has been the founder of the Society of Natural Sciences, one of the leading spirits in the organization of the Philomatrian Society, a staunch advocate of pure, manly athletics, and an ardent supporter of the cause of Christianity, especially as it touches the University life. He has at various times represented the Faculty in Athletics and at all times stands ready to assist the young men in their efforts along lines of nobler Christian living.

In the class-room Prof. Fisher is at all times a refined Christian gentleman, a broad scholar and a thorough master of the subjects which he teaches. Being himself filled with his subjects he grows enthusiastic in the imparting of knowledge. With him Science is the law of God written in Nature. Under him students are led to see the beauty, order and harmony of the Universe and are inspired with a zeal for a larger acquaintance with the great book of nature.

But while Prof. Fisher has already established for himself an enviable reputation by his indefatigable industry and devotion to the cause of education, his friends are looking for still greater results. He is yet a young man and is really just coming into the full possession of his powers. At present he is engaged in a very exhaustive course of scientific research, and is making splendid progress. In fact, Prof. Fisher, is a growing man and Susquehanna may expect large things at his hands.

Let the students, Alumni, and friends of the Universty rejoice in the success that Prof. Fisher has attained, and wish for him many years of growth and service in the cause of Christian education.

Ye Faery



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SENIOR


VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT
'04

Class of 1904.

MOTTO:—"*Vincit qui se vincit.*"
FLOWER:—"American Beauty" Rose.
COLORS:—"Red and White."

YELL.

Boolah! Wallah!
Woolah! Wallah!
Zip! Boom! Roar!
Susquehanna! Susquehanna!
Nineteen—Four.

OFFICERS.

FREDERICK WM. BARRY.....*President.*
ALICE BREIMIER.....*Vice-President.*
CALVIN P. SWANK.....*Secretary and Treasurer.*
LOUIS F. GUNDERMAN.....*Poet.*
KATHARINE FOCHT.....*Artist.*
CALVIN P. SWANK.....*Historian.*
ALICE BREIMIER.....*Prophetess.*

SENIOR CLASS ROLL.

FRED. W. BARRY.....Pittsburg, Pa.
ALICE BREIMIER.....Selinsgrove, Pa.
KATHARINE FOCHT.....Selinsgrove, Pa.
LOUIS F. GUNDERMAN.....Pittsburg, Pa.
CALVIN P. SWANK.....Elysburg, Pa.





Senior Class History



History of the Class of 1904.

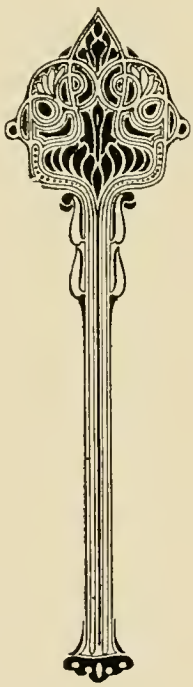
THE silver thread of life has kindly been lengthened and we, at last, are permitted to taste of the pleasures of a Senior and see in the near future that eventful day.

For nearly four years the history of two ladies and three boys has been the history of the class of 1904. And our hopes and aspirations are being realized. The goal that seemed so far in the distance when we were Freshmen is now only too near. 'Tis sad when we think our college cycle is nearly run. We stand on the imminence of our college career. Here the sight is bewildering, before us is the raging future; behind the receding past, forever gone. Contending emotions seize us—gladness, that the required work is done, and sadness, that we have toiled so long and know so little.

Retrospection points pleasing portraits of our class infancy and growth. Time has taken many from our ranks and thus we boast of our quality which balances our deficiency in quantity. We have

labored long and faithfully with the determination to win—not one sloth among our number. Necessity was always met by our capabilities. Though small, unity has been our keynote. With true manly virtue we have followed: "*Vincit qui se vincit*," and endeavored to make manliness, originality, and true worth our aim.

No physical giants to grace our number, but bravery and nerve has always been shown when opposed or oppressed. We have stood bravely for our cause and have made our presence felt. '04 has never tolerated immoral indulgences nor disloyalty. Our pulses have beat in athletic relations and made a standing many of her predecessors might covet. Selfish motives have not existed but the uppermost thought has been for the college, which is about to be our Alma Mater. With no remorse for the past the class of 1904 stands on its honor as proudly majestic as though sitting on the orb of the heavens.



Class Prophesy.



THE President of Susquehanna University in the year 1914 was taking a trip through the West for the purpose of soliciting students. Leaving the railroad station at San Francisco, he was attracted by a disturbance on a street corner. Joining the rapidly growing crowd, the two central figures took his attention. They proved to be two of the city's cabmen engaged in a warm dispute over the merits of two local pugilists, who were to take part in a mill the following night. Each was proclaiming the virtues of his favorite, and it was but a short time until words turned to blows. The smaller of the two finally landed a terrible blow upon the jaw of his huge opponent, which brought him to the ground and a cry went up from the crowd, "Nice one, Barry." the little cabby swelled his chest with pride, but not long did he enjoy his victory, for pushing her way through the crowd Captain Focht of the Salvation Army, brushing him aside, stooped over the injured man, tied up his jaw, meanwhile reproving the victorious cabby and inviting him to a meeting that evening.

The president, being a sportsman and away from home, dropped in the next night at the Globe Athletic Club to see the much heralded contest. Promptly at nine o'clock Jimmy O'Brian entered the ring, the audience was becoming impatient until nine eighteen, Louie Gunderman, who weighed in at one hundred and ninety-four pounds, and stood favorite at odds of three to one, entered the arena and was boisterously cheered.

The next morning the president while looking over the morning paper read the following:

MARRIED TO MILLIONS.

At the home of the bride's uncle, a wealthy pork packer, Miss Alice Breimeier, of Chicago and Baron Von Wackernogal were married at high noon.

The bride was attired in a simple but elegant costume. There was no attempt at display, few guests were present outside the

immediate families. A somewhat unusual occurrence, the two daughters of the groom acted as bride's maids. It is reported that the Baron, having married twice for money, can now afford to marry for love.

The Baron and Baroness Von Wackernogel leave immediately for Germany, and will make their home in one of the Baron's beautiful castles down where the Wurtsburger flows.

The president turned the paper and his eyes fell on this announcement. Mr. Calvin P. Swank, of Philadelphia, has taken the place of the late Bernarr Macfadden and now publishes the *Physical Culture Magazine*. Mr. Swank has been before the public for some time as a prominent food inspector.

The president, throwing down the paper and turning to the man next to him said: "Is it not strange that within the last twenty-four hours I have seen and read of all the members of the class of 1904 of Susquehanna University."

Farewell.



O years, blest years of toil and joy,
 O years of all life's years the best,
In which the gushing springs of truth
 Have flown forth with eager zest—
Kind years, too soon have ye fled
 And left us dazed at forking ways
 With the ceaseless world of strife beyond,
 Beyond the memory of happy days.

No more the silvery maple boughs
 Will sway above our weary heads,
No more the stately pine, the oak,
 Nor fragant flowers in grassy meads,
Surrounding Susquehanna's shrine,
 Will greet us five in search of love
Which gracious Nature gives so free
 From out her rich and boundless store.
No more shall we as in days of yore
 Rove o'er bold Shikillimmy's crest;
Nor climb the steep sides of Mahanoy,
 Nor glide so swiftly o'er thy breast,
Fair Susquehanna, placid stream,
 Along whose arborescent shore
Ne'er more shall wander gay and free,
 The noble class of Nineteen-four.

Some other feet must tread the nooks
 Where trailing arbutus grow;
Some other ear must list to the sound
 Of gurgling brooks as they flow,
The bluet beds will still reflect
 The hue of the heavens above;
But ne'er again shall we stroll o'er
 The hills and dales we dearly love.

Then fare ye well, ye rock-ribbed hills,
Ye rills and valleys, woods and streams,
Whence came our spirits' hope and cheer
At noon and night and morn's first gleams,
Ye classic halls, farewell to you,
Round which sweet memories will cling
Long after we have entered life,
And felt the pangs of the world's sharp sting.
One long and last farewell to thee,
Our Alma Mater ,kind and good,
Whose hand hast led us all the way
And given mind and heart fit food.
Adorned with this go forth to win
Thy laurels green from shore to shore,
And still will hills reverberate
Thy name, Nineteen-four, Nineteen four.




JUNIOR



THE JUNIOR IDEAL



Press Plate

Class of Nineteen-Five.

MOTTO:—"*Animo non Astutia*"
COLORS:—Lavender and Lemon.
FLOWER:—Pink Orchid.

YELL.

Ki-yi-ki-ty! Ti-ki-ty! Boom! Bang!
Hippity! Hip! Kerzip! Kerzang!
Carackity! Corickity! Corix! Coree!
Borackity! Borickity! Nineteen V!

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WALTER W. YOUNG.....*Historian.*
ANNA MAY GUSS.....*Poet.*
GEORGE D. CLARKE.....*Artist.*

CLASS ROLL.

CLAUDE R. ALLENBACH.....Allentown, Pa.
ISAAC D. APP.....Selinsgrove, Pa.
GEORGE D. CLARKE.....Williamsport, Pa.
ANNA MAY GUSS.....Patterson, Pa.
WILLIAM W. HEIM.....Selinsgrove, Pa.
WILLIAM H. KEMPFER.....Beaver Springs, Pa.
G. HARRY WEBER.....Sunbury, Pa.
WALTER W. YOUNG.....Scranton, Pa.
CLAY WHITMOYER.....Millville, Pa.
HARRIET MAE ZIMMERMAN.....Selinsgrove, Pa.



Clay Whitmoyer.



C. Randall Allenbach.

CLAY WHITMOYER. Millville, Pa.

"I prefer silent prudence to loquacious folly."

Dear reader, be not deceived. The picture that accompanies this biographical epic is not an exact counterpart of Clay. To gaze upon that face, so innocent, trusting, and withal so tender and youthful; to gaze into the limpid depths of those soulful eyes one would naturally conclude that Clay had never been from beneath the paternal roof, nor had ever come in contact with the wild and reckless beings who compose the college world. It pains me much but 'tis my duty to say that the picture is only a triumph of photographic art. Clay spent most of his youthful days attending a normal school up the line. During the verdant days of mental formation, known as "fresh," he floated into our midst. By maintaining a mummy-like silence, and walking with measured tread, with a far away look in his eye, he soon acquired the reputation of a studious young angel. 'Twas not to be thus for long. Fate has decreed that he should do stunts as manager of both the Basket Ball and Foot Ball teams, also warble in the Glee Club. These idle diversions have caused furrows to appear on his classique brow.

Clay has decided that his life shall be spent in India, teaching the natives to shoot crap and play poker.

CLAUDE RANDALL ALLENBACH. Allentown, Pa.

"He will be pretty when his face comes in fashion."

At just what period, in the annals of antiquity, Claudie first saw the light of this mundane sphere is of equal complexity with the, "How Old Is Ann" problem. Diligent research and late discoveries shed a faint ray of light on the place of his birth. Dame Rumor has it that the dumb, dutch and dubious hamlet of Allentown, the place where the Wurtzburger tree and the Ratskeller vine grows in rank luxuriance, claims the honor of producing this marvel of beauty, grace and muscular development. Just why Claudie treked from his native land even unto the confines of Susquehanna, will ever a mystery be. Some of the local sages wag their hoary heads and say, 'twas his affinity that drew him from beneath the soothing shades of his native Bock Beer Bush. Be that as it may, Claudie is the proud possessor of a voice very much akin to a steam siren. He also plays the heavy villian in true "ten, twenty and thirty" cent style.

Claudie wears wrinkles and silver threads are seen besprinkling his raven locks. Can'st thou interrogate the whyness? Be it known he is business manager of the Lanthorn.



W. W. Young.



Anna M. Guss.

WALTER WILLIAM YOUNG.....Scranton, Pa.

"The fool of the third story."

Alas and alack! What a Herculean task is this that confronts my feeble pen. 'Twere far easier to scale the Olympian heights and hold sweet converse with the gods, than to attempt a sketch of this candidate for the foolish factory. Mere empty words are powerless in this case. Walt's rasping voice was heard sounding and reverberating through the classic halls of S. U., many ages gone. Just how soon after Noah completed his cruise it was that Walt first made his appearance in this Eden of earth nobody dares hazard a guess. His attempts at being comic are enough to start afresh the lachrymal springs of Niobe. He is past grand in the ancient order of "knocks," and holds the medal for having the most pessimistic views on things in general. Owing to the fact that he is unable to choose between the lucrative position of being a chambermaid in a livery stable, or a cuspidor renovator in a summer hotel, his plans are still unsettled. It is beyond the powers of our imagination, even in its wildest flights, to even attempt to say what the unknown future holds in store for him. Time alone can solve such things.

ANNA MAY GUSS.....Patterson, Pa.

"Good and handsome enough."

That the class of '05 was denied the bonny presence of Anna May, until the beginning of the Junior year, when she was wafted from her home in the confines of the sour kraut lands of Pennsylvania, is one of those unforgiveable caprices of the gods, and greatly to be deplored. Although she has the misfortune of hailing from the benighted village of Patterson, the home of the garter snake and the flea, yet her quiet, unassuming manner, coupled with the happy faculty of smiling sweetly and flunking in turn, when the quiz has gone around, soon gained for her the admiration and popularity of the whole class. She says she is preparing herself for the duties of a preceptress in a female seminary. We venture to predict hers will not be such a thankless fate.



Isaac D. App.



W. W. Heim.

ISAAC DUNKLE APP.....Selinsgrove, Pa.

"If this be loving, then would I have more of it."

The year 1883 is one to be remembered. The four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth was celebrated throughout the whole Protestant world during that year. In the same year Krakatoa belched forth its mass of fire and lava. Imparting to the sky lurid colorings that reached for mile after mile. It was in the bleak and dreary month of snowy December, as a fitting close(?) for such an eventful year, that Isaac first beheld this wicked world. His youthful days were spent much the same as other Snyder County children, churning the butterflies into butter and removing the festive 'tater bug from off the vine. While yet at a tender age 'ere his Madonna-like face had reached its full measure of beauty he made his first offering at the shrine of Minerva. By associating with the bold bad inmates of Selins Grove Hall, and gazing, entranced, at the inmates of Seibert Hall, he soon developed a mania for rambling from the site of his happy childhood home.

E'en from his most tender years his soul has been stirred to its bottom-most depths by the spirit of war. He dreams of the day and yearns, like unto a maid who awaits her soul's adored coming, for the time when he will be able to wave a flag and expose his breast as a target to be shot full of holes. To head a revolution down in Panama, with old Cluck Clarke as his aide-de-camp, is his sole ambition. Poor child! We would suggest, it would be more salubrious and profitable, should he head a Panama Hat Factory. But firey youth endowed with such a martial spirit ever did scoff at the advice of us old and experienced wiseacres.

WILLIAM WARDEN HEIM.....Selinsgrove, Pa

"I am but a stranger here, heaven is my home."

About two weeks after the term opened Willie blew in from up the creek somewhere. He says the man who made the geography had a spite at his Pap and would not put the name of the town on the map.

Willie is known as the bluffer par excellence. His method of working the "Profs" is indeed original. When called upon to recite, he unwinds his snake like legs from around his chair, slowly arises and braces himself against a friendly pillar. Then with a seraphic smile, that exposes about a yard and a half of teeth, he begins. For about ten minutes he hands out a line of talk that would make W. J. Bryan turn a brilliant emerald hue with envy.

Willie ever was a puzzle to the rest of us. He would disappear suddenly and as suddenly he would bob up again. All sorts of wild conjectures were indulged in to explain his strange conduct. When we returned from Xmas vacation the mystery was cleared away. We learned that true to his name, he had taken unto himself a wife and had established a heim (home) of his own. Before succumbing to the darts of Amour his life was to be spent preparing to become a toothsome soup bone for some cannibal king. But now——— 'tis useless to even guess.



G. H. Weber.



H. M. Zimmerman.

GEORGE HARRY WEBER.....Sunbury, Pa.

"If it should be allowable to compare small things with great."

This rare and beautiful representative of the rose family was nurtured in one of the conservatories near the antiquated burg of Sunbury. Like all hot house plants, Rose is of an ultra fragile and delicate nature.

Nevertheless, at certain times he has allowed his beauty and fragrance to grace the barren region of S. U. To gaze upon his curling ringlets of burnished gold, and to behold his Grecian nose in its entirety, one would conclude that he belonged to the tribe of anti-pork consumers. That is erroneous, as Rose is never more in his element than when he is gnawing on an unpickled pig's foot. His favorite dish is sausage fricassed a la Dormitory Hashery. His refined and correct bearing stamp him, at first sight, as an ultra lady-like young man.

HARRIET MAE ZIMMERMAN.....Selins Grove, Pa.

"Take me just as I am."

The thriving little village of Selins Steddle, nestling within the hills of Snyder County and extending to the edge of the purling waters of the dreamy Susquehanna, is noted, far and wide, for being the home of charming and handsome women. In this bevy of bewildering beauties, Hattie occupies a place second to none. She was reared within the shadow of our Alma Mater, and very early in life acquired the habit of study. However, Hattie is not to be classed as a "poler" by any means. She is an adept in the art of assuming an expression of wisdom, when it is time to work a game of bluff on a poor unsuspecting "Prof.", Hattie is present early.

Her one aim in life is to open a bird hospital. One does not need to be a disciple of Cassandra to prophesy that the bird hospital will never materialize. Why? Ask the man in the moon.



G. D. Clarke.



W. H. Kempfer.

GEORGE DALBEY CLARKE.....Williamsport, Pa.

"Lean as a fork with the wind whistling through the prongs."

Late in life, "Grandma" wandered into a clairvoyant's emporium and had her fortune told. The night before Grandma's visit, the sorceress had attended a spiritualistic seance, where the spirits appeared in bottles. Consequently, the reading of Grandma's horoscope was slightly on the blink. One of the most important gurgles that the astrologist gurged was that "Grandma" would make a howling success as a preacher. Thus is solved the problem how this credulous mark from Williamsport came to enter the brain factory at this place.

Grandma's weakness is trying to keep the wandering feet of the younger element in the narrow path of Puritan rectitude. Her latest charitable act is the opening of a home for incorrigible youths.

Whether "Grandma" will ever make a large reformer, such as Dr. Parkhurst, Carrie Nation, or Richard Crocker, or whether her days will be spent serving out doses of religion in some sequestered nook in this big world, we wot not. Why need we care, as long as the poor old soul is quiet and happy.

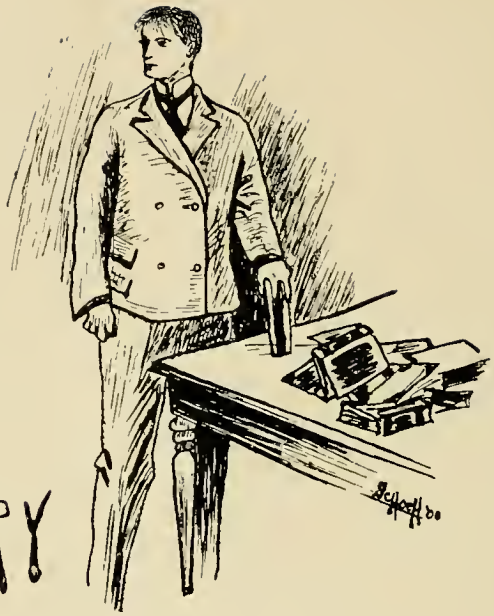
WILLIAM HERBERT KEMPFER.....Beaver Springs, Pa

"Nature, after making him, broke the mould."

At the opening of the term, some moons agone, the more inquisitive ones around college were puzzled to know just what it was from whence it came, and how it got here. Many wondered at this tall, gaunt, stoop shouldered, long haired, wild eyed, pale faced freak of nature.

Not many days were swallowed up in the hungry maw of time 'ere 'twas discovered that he belonged to that rare class of beings known as "grinds." Also that he possessed the soothing name of Kempfer. He knows not how to flunk, and to make an imperfect recitation is more fatal than sipping the ancient hemlock. His ambling, springing gait is undoubtedly due to the fact that he sprang from Beaver Springs. He is like unto the shy and shrinking violet, both in dress and speech. His coat sleeves have a very retiring way, exposing his hand which resembles a bunch of ripe bananas. His trousers also are loath to come in contact with the common earth. The goal of his life is to demonstrate the new breakfast food, Maltined Pulverised Fence Posts. If he should fail in this, then his days will be spent posing as a French corset model.

Junior Class History



SOME ancient writer has said that we are not masters of our fates. Just why the fickle jade, who is the arbiter of the affairs of men, even in her most capricious mood, should have elected one so thoroughly incompetent and eminently unfitted to rehearse the past deeds of the class of Nineteen Hundred and Five is one of those inexplicable mysteries that we, who live, move, and take up room, on this mundane sphere are utterly at a loss to solve. Many, many times has this victim of cruel fate attempted to push aside the draperies of the past. But every effort proved equally futile. Until at last goaded on to his irksome task by the relentless, never ceasing, measured tread of time, realizing the impossibility of completing the labor apportioned to him, 'ere 'twould be too late, he resorts to the occult science of the ancients and invokes the aid of the arch fiend himself.

He is alone in his monastic cell. The sand in the hour glass indicates that the dread hour of midnight is fast approaching. The cell is almost entirely enshrouded in darkness. A flickering flame from a spirit lamp, which is burning under a crucible, casts

fantastic and indistinct shadows upon the bare stone walls. He watches attentively as he drops each element of the spell into the vessel. Now he adds to the mixture seven drops of poison taken from the fangs of a viper, now he mixes blood taken from the heart of a dove, together with nine hairs of a goats beard, and three drops of gall, procured from the bile of a sewer rat. Soon the decoction bubbles and seethes, and a greyish green mist arises from it. Now he draws the wizard's circle round about the top of the crucible, throws a sprig of wormwood, along with an eye of a black cat, into its bubbling contents. Incessantly he chants the wierd incantation, while jets of red and blue flame spurt forth. The air is filled with hissing sounds; the crucible glows and from its boiling contents arises a cloud of bright red vapor. The bell, in the old tower, slowly tolls forth the hour of midnight. The spell is complete. As the sound of the last stroke dies away, he makes the magical pass, and says: "Spirit of the evil one appear, I command thee, appear." The hissing increases, the air becomes hot and stifling, a flash of forked lightening rends the cloud, and Mephisto steps forth. "Thou hast invoked my aid, what wilt thou that I should do?" "Prithee, allow me but to glance into the hidden past, that I may record the actions of the Junior class of Susquehanna University," was the reply. With a cynical smile he advanced, and seated himself at the opposite side of the table. He produced a glass filled with a clear, sparkling liquid and gave the command to drink. Instantly, a thousand multicolored lights flashed before the eye. The senses reeled and a voice which sounded akin to a clap of thunder sounded on the ear, and said, "write what I shall dictate to you."

It was in the Autumn of the year 1901 that we entered the period of mental growth and development known as Fresh.

During the first few weeks we behaved like all good innocent children should. For we had heard many wild rumors of brave and valorous deeds done by the haughty sophs. After many long and weary days of waiting, our patience being well nigh exhausted, and our hearts filled with a desire to go forth to battle, we unfurled our class pennant to the early morning breeze. Late in the morning the sophs appeared, rigged out in full foot ball uniform. The fight on the stairs was fast and furious. After two hours of incessant strife, the upper classmen interfered. The scrap

was finally settled by a tug of war, from which we came off victorious. Nevertheless, we did not become swelled up, but continued in the even tenor of our green and unsophisticated way, until the season for our banquet arrived. The sophs gathered at the train and indulged in some innocent child-play, but when the train pulled out of the station we were all on, and the sophs followed us with nothing more than wistful and hungry looks.

After the long hot summer had passed, and we once again returned to our Alma Mater, we found many of the old faces to be missing from the class. Not many days passed before the freshies had placed their bi-colored piece of cloth up in a tree, and had placed the weaker members of their class, in the tree, armed with hatchets and clubs. As they outnumbered us four to one, it was necessary to resort to strategy. But, true to their verdant, lamb-like natures, they followed the dictates of one old enough to know better, and took down their little cheese cloth before it had been up the regulation time limit. And, consequently before we could meet them in a good-natured contest. The crowning point of all our Sophomore year, and their bitterest dose of gall to swallow was when we travelled to Wilkesbarre and held our banquet, 'ere they became wise as to our whereabouts.

All this is pleasant to record now that those troublesome days are a thing of the past. And it is with a pardonable conceit that we glance back over the achievements of those who have enlisted under the Lavender and Lemon. But as modesty ever was a characteristic of each of our number we will desist from enumerating them here. What the future holds for the mem————. Why, what was that? What place is this? Ah yes, now it all becomes clear again. The cloud of vapor disappears. The flames die out from the mystic ring. The contents of the crucible assumes a dirty white color. The first faint rays of gray dawn filter in through the grated windows. The night is past. The work is finished, and Fate is appeased, for a time at least.

Poem.



I.

No poet ever had a harder theme
Than that which now presents itself to us
"What can the subject be," you surely ask,
To call forth such a statement bold as this?
Dear friend, I shall attempt to sing to you
Of him who neither is the first nor last,
Of him whom dignity begins to court;
The Junior, calm and handsome, loved and sought,
The Senior, restless grows with honors great,
And tense solicitude the Sophomore
Must show for Freshman's verdant, careless ways,
But free from all such anxious trying cares
The third year-man, the Junior onward goes.
Broad are the fields of vision seen by him
And as he stands upon life's broad threshold
New doors of knowledge, wisdom, open wide
No longer does life seem to him a dream
No longer is the child-like trust displayed
Which trust when shown in early years of life
So oft was crushed by disappointing men.

II.

He learns that life is real, not a jest,
And battles fierce must both be fought and won.
When first he entered college and beheld
The wisdom of the upper classmen wise,
Ambitious thoughts within his breast arose

To sometime be as learned as were they.
With courage then the Classics he pursued,
And Mathematics grasped he with a vim;
The deep disputes of sages old he read
And answered all their questions easily.
When Freshman year was ended, lo, behold!
He stood as wisdom well personified:
He then became a Soph, a happy Soph.,
But, somehow, even striving with his might
The name, a fool, applied to him so well
That self-conceit and vanity did flee,
'Tis said that years mature the shallow mind,
Which cunning knowledge often times puffs up.
This saves our subject from his erring ways
And when his name appears on college roll
As Junior, the professors fondly smile.

III.

Those philosophic minds have learned to know
That Sophomores and Freshman know it all
But now the Junior humbly hears their words
Of rich advice and admonition rare.
Appearances deceive, oft times they say.
The Junior sadly finds this is a truth
For years ago he thought the enviable name
Of Junior stood for all accomplishments.
But as the child with eager steps and quick
Will-o-the-wisp pursues o'er marshy land
And finds with sad surprise the thing is gone
To still a greater distance than before,
Just so, the Junior in pursuit of truth
Always sees in it some distant remote place.
But wait, ere many years have passed away,
This phantom chase will cease to disappoint,
The Junior will persist in search of truth
Until he has it firmly in his grasp.
Then may he bind it fast around his heart
And use it for his country and his God.

Class Song.



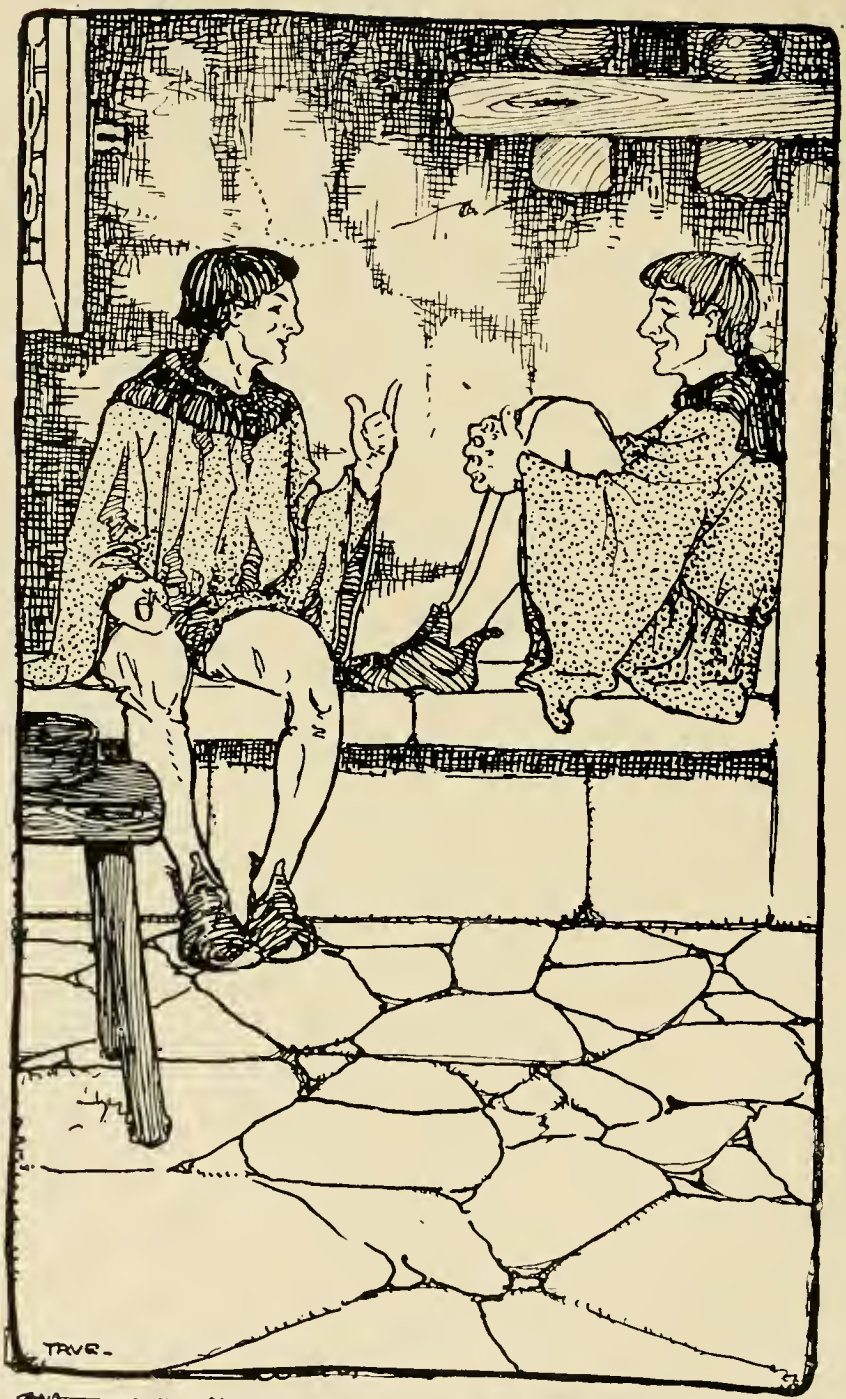
TUNE:—When Dewey comes sailing home again

We are the class of nineteen five,
 We are, we are,
The only class in which there's fun,
 We are, we are,
Of Susquehanna we are the pride;
We can't be beat—we have been tried
And they all know it far and wide.

A Jolly throng—the Prof's delight,
 We are, we are,
A class in which there's strength and might
 We are, we are,
In which you learn to your surprise,
There's brawn and brain that's bound to rise
To a constellation in the skies.

We have the hope of forever going,
 We have, we have,
Ours the bliss of forever knowing
 We have, we have,
Ours the comfort that we are growing
First in pride and first in glee,
First in the hearts of the facultee.

O, ye Seniors, that stood so near us,
 Look here, look here,
O, Collegians, taught to fear us,
 Look here, look here.
O, Alumni, cheer us, cheer us,
First in pride and first in glee,
First in the hearts of the facultee.



SOPHOMORE


'05

Class of 1906.

MOTTO:—*Labor omnia vincit.*
COLORS:—Blue and Brown.
FLOWER:—White Carnation.

YELL.

Ripety-rap! Ripety-rap!
Ripety! Rapety! Ree!
Zipety-zap! Zipety-zap!
Zipety! Zapety! Zee!
Huis! Huis! Huis! Hix!
We are the class of 1906!

OFFICERS.

MARION S. SCHOCH.....*President.*
BENJ. H. HOUSEWORTH.....*Vice-President.*
MARY R. F. MILLER.....*Secretary.*
JAMES M. UBER.....*Treasurer.*
LULU BELLE SMITH.....*Historian.*
THOS. B. UBER.....*Poet.*
ARCHIBALD W. FRONTZ.....*Artist.*
FOSTER C. BENFER.....*Marshall.*

CLASS ROLL.

ANNA MARY BEAVER.....Academia, Pa.
FOSTER CHARLES BENFER.....Selins Grove, Pa.
IRA W. BINGAMAN.....Middleswarth, Pa.
ARCHIBALD W. FRONTZ.....Hughesville, Pa.
JOHN J. HENDERSON.....Willet, Pa.
BENJAMIN H. HOUSEWORTH.....Selins Grove, Pa.
MARY RUTH FISHER MILLER.....Selins Grove, Pa.
LULU BELLE SMITH.....Berwick, Pa.
MARION SCHNURE SCHOCH.....Selins Grove, Pa.
ORIE E. SUNDAY.....Penna. Furnace, Pa.
CLARENCE E. TOOL.....Freeburg, Pa.
THOMAS B. UBER.....Homer City, Pa.
JAMES M. UBER.....Homer City, Pa.


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6



Sophomore Class History

Sophomore History.

AS the stars sink one by one in the west and new stars rise in the east to be succeeded by the dawn and then the day, so through the night of the past sank the former Freshman class to be succeeded by the now Sophomore Class. The great curtain had been drawn, our steps had become shorter as we ended our first collegiate year. Still the vacation with all its pleasures passed and we again took our places in the halls of Susquehanna. Not all, only a mere handful to begin with courage undaunted another years' work. We are only thirteen Sophomores found ever ready as each signal sounds for classes to grasp the lessons awaiting us.

We had a very easy journey throughout our entire Freshman year, yet our difficulties only made us better prepared to face life's

stern battles and to learn how to direct the footsteps of those who followed us. So young and so much in need of help was the Freshman Class that their kind friends the Sophs gave them the rules known as the ten Commandments, which were handed on the morning of September 30th to them in Chapel. A number were tacked up in conspicuous places on the buildings while others were distributed in town. Did they follow them? No, not at first; they were timid and unwise and thought they knew all the rules necessary but alas, when they saw their own color in paint they learned only too well the commandments to obey. They went on a banquet tour; they believed not one of the Sophs knew when they would depart, but again they had something to learn. The night they left Selins Grove two more trophies were added to the relic room of the Sophomore Class. A poor little fellow who never worked in the gymnasium or who never ever walked on a race track was caught and in a mournful tone bade farewell to the fair ladies of his class as they departed. And that toast "Our Athletes" still reigns in the relic room. It is a classical production and shows the wonderful ability of the Co-eds of the Freshman Class.

Our time was too profitable to use all on the Freshies and our minds drifted from time to time on our annual banquet. The day was set, the feast prepared, and on January 13th, 1904, the class boarded the six o'clock train for Milton where the banquet was held. When the inner self had been supplied our minds had an intellectual feast in the way of toasts. The remainder of the evening was spent in a social manner. We returned home Thursday afternoon each one feeling benefited by the trip. The banquets of our class will never be forgotten. They have brought us into a closer relationship. They have formed a chain of golden memories which will ever cling to us.

But these pleasures will only become benefits when they are stepping stones to something higher. We cannot all be Washingtons and Napoleons, we cannot bring back what is past but we can strive in each collegiate year as it passes to make our lives a unit for good.

Labor Omnia Vincit.



Success in any sphere in life
Is not attained by chance,
It is the steady manful strife,
Which does the victor's life enhance.

Nothing but a firm resolve to do,
Supported by a determined soul;
Can efforts reward good and true,
Can bring results—pure and whole.

Gift, great or small, cannot avail,
On faithful work each must depend;
He who borrows will surely fail,
He seeks destruction who seeks a lend.

Be always a doer, a dreamer never,
Fear not to unsheathe your sword;
Bare your arm if to conquer.
Is your object in the world.

Stand not aside for any man
If yours be an honest deed;
Do no guess work. Have a plan,
Pluck, not luck makes you succeed.

What can stop the ascending sun,
As on it moves with mighty force?
Or what, when it has once begun,
Can stay the river in its course?

Thus man with a determined will,
Never, never needs to fear and shirk;
He may meet many trials, but still,
He can conquer all, if he will work.

Classmates, thus it is in our life,
Our work here is only preparation
For the toil, sorrow and strife,
Which will come whatever our station.

By labor there is much to do,
Conquering obstacles day by day;
Cheering others as on we go
Helping them to reach the better way.

When in childhood dangers great
All around seem to stand;
These we conquered, not by fate,
But by an instrument more grand.

And so as youth comes on apace,
Threatening clouds arise, so drear,
Huge problems stare us in the face,
These we will conquer, never fear.

And when we leave these college walls
To take our place in church or state
Conquer we must whatever befalls,
No matter if it be small or great.

With our motto—noble, grand,
On the stage of life we'll appear;
It shall be our magic wand,
While we exist in mortal sphere.

Then, Classmates, let us say "All hail,"
Hail to the motto of our choice;
Shout it until we cross the vale,
And lose the power of human voice.

Second Annual Banquet of the Class of 1906.

Hotel Haag, Milton, Pa., January 14, 1904.



TOASTS.

Magister epularium.

Marion S. Schoch.

Anna M. Beaver.....Our Athletes.
A. W. Frontz.....Los Infantos.
I. W. Bingaman.....The Faculty.
J. J. Henderson.....Our Verdant Banquet.
C. E. Tool.....Our Fair Charmers.
T. B. Uber.....After Thoughts.

CHAPERONS.

Prof. T. Bruce Birch. Mrs. T. Bruce Birch.



FRESHMAN


ἀιὲν
ἀριστεύειν
'07

Class of 1907.



Motto:—"*Semper esse Optimum.*"
Class Colors:—Royal Purple and Heliotrope.
Flower:—La France Rose.

CLASS YELL.

Kai! toi! meu! de! to! te! alla!
Mede! gar! ouls! epi! mele!
Esti! einai! ama! meden!
Susquehanna! Susquehanna!
Nineteen Seven.

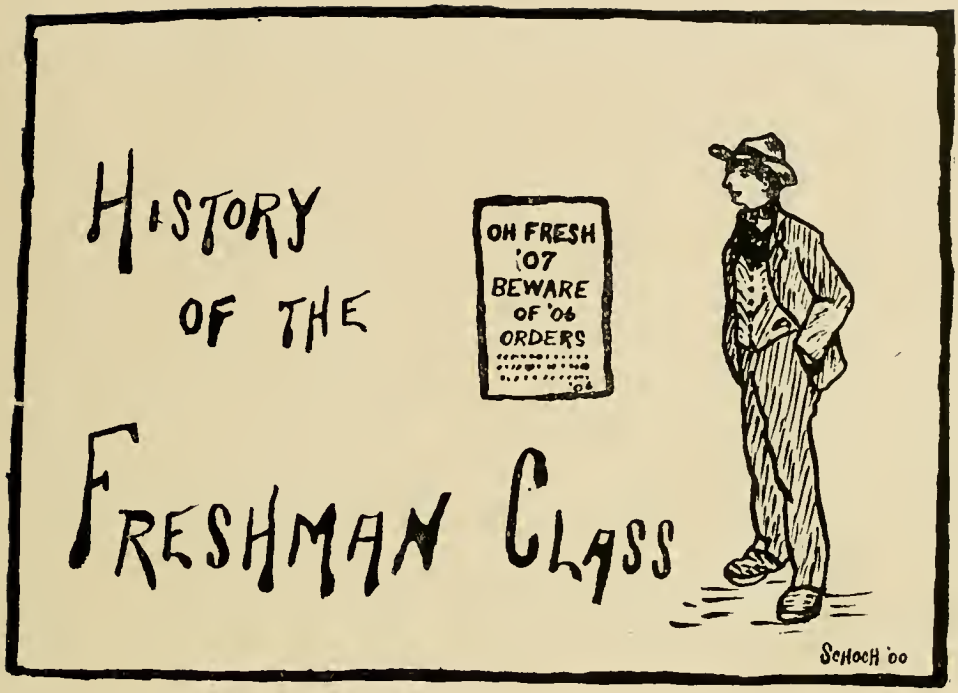
OFFICERS OF CLASS 1907.

William K. Fleck.....*President.*
Charles H. Geise.....*Vice-President.*
Grace Jacobs.....*Secretary.*
Ralph Meek.....*Treasurer.*
Geo. G. Fox.....*Historian.*
Edna Kline.....*Poet.*

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL.

Mary E. Burns.....Selins Grove, Pa.
George G. Fox.....Danville, Pa.
Martha Shollenberger.....Montgomery, Pa.
Ralph E. Meek.....Selins Grove, Pa.
Edna Kline.....Liverpool, Pa.
Charles Geise.....Northumberland, Pa.
Mary Edna App.....Selins Grove, Pa.
Grace Jacobs.....Selins Grove, Pa.
William K. Fleck.....Huntingdon, Pa.
Wellington W. Wert.....Killinger, Pa.







IT is a difficult but pleasant task which is allotted to the Historian of the Class of 1907. It is difficult because of the fact that we have spent so brief a time within the halls of learning; pleasant because every deed can be recounted without the slightest feeling of shame or regret.

When the fall term opened, we had only ten members, and felt a tinge of sadness when our esteemed classmate, Wellington W. Wert, left us, to pursue a course in book-keeping. Our best wishes accompany him, and we wish him unbounded success.

We regret, of course, that our class is so small, but happily, we can truly say that what we lack in numbers is more than atoned for in the unquestioned loyalty of every member.

One noticeable and commendable feature of the class is the absence of that verdancy characteristic of most Freshman. Even our wiser (?) brothers, the Sophomores, will bear testimony to this fact.

But, in justice to them, we will acknowledge that we did look upon them as our superiors until they themselves shattered our hopes.

We had hoped that they would, by influence and example, instruct us in "College Righteousness," lest we should go astray.

They did have commandments printed for us, but one always loses prestige when he gives commands and does not demand their enforcement, and it was no exception in this case.

Imagine our utter hopelessness and dismay when we found that they did not spell correctly such words as "shirt" and "unconsciously!" And apparently they suspected us of being aereal spirits, for they forbade us to walk "over" the campus in groups of more than three!

It is unnecessary to cite more instances of their defective teaching, for these will suffice.

The usual "class rush" was, for some reason, omitted, but a most enjoyable event occurred on Friday, January 22, 1904. This was our first class banquet, which was held at the Montour House, in Danville. We left Selinsgrove on the 4:35 Pennsylvania train.

The Sophomores regretted our departure so much that five of their members came to the station to bid us farewell. They were very desirous of having our President remain with them to impart consolation, but that worthy gentleman easily eluded their watchful eyes. They then concluded that Mr Meek would do, but that determined and indomitable Freshman, who is "meek" only when meekness is absolutely necessary, was bent upon being with us, and he, too, left them to comfort each other in their great humiliation and disappointment.

After spending a pleasant evening together and partaking of a sumptuous supper, the members of the class rendered an exceedingly interesting program. We returned to Selinsgrove on Saturday evening, after having spent a pleasant day in Danville.

Our banquet capped the climax of our victories, and now, as we look back upon our class, we are gratified that her history is so spotless, though brief.

We look through our college course and into the future, with hearts filled with hope yet not regardless of the great responsibilities that shall rest upon us when we shall have left our Alma Mater to battle with the stern realities of life.

It is the aim of the "Royal Purple and Heliotrope" to make a a history, not only during the brief years of our college course but throughout life, which no class has excelled.

Poem

How short the while since first we sought
This pleasant little town,
Whose ample history all is fraught
With records of renown.

Here roved the Indian maid and brave—
And by the peaceful river,
By toil she fashioned and she gave
The arrow for the quiver.

Here blazed the fires of tribal camp,
Here rose the wigwam's smoke,
Ere pale-face with his blighting stamp
Destroyed the templed oak.

In happier hunting grounds they feast
On venison and swan;
An everlasting life they've leased—
In the kingdom of the Dawn.

Then came the home and Christian Church
And village cabin school;
The master with a rod of birch
Laid down the Golden Rule.

They had, at Yule, their homely joys—
Think of the mistletoe!
Roast goose and Saxon mince for toys
In that sacred long ago.

No more the Red man's martial song,
Nor stage-man's clarion shrill,
That rent the air as he passed along
Through forest, vale and hill.

A hundred years swept on and more
And scenes all new appear,
From far and wide in search of lore
New students come each year.

And thus it was a few months past,
Our own class blew this way,
In wisdom's deep we've anchor cast
For four years' pleasant stay.

Cold numbers tell no peoples worth,
For we are only ten,
There's many a stone, but note the dearth
Of every precious gem.

We've laid aside the coat of green,
No trace of early years,
Suggesting ought of emerald scene
On anyone appears.

Command and precept we transgress.
Ah these are happy days!
The Soph's not lord we must confess
Of all that Soph surveys.

Down swooped the Sophs upon a room—
A Freshman's habitat—
The "Foxy" Freshman he had gone
And quickly too at that.

The Sophs on demolition bent
Worked on with right good will;
An hour or more in painting spent,
And later paid the bill.

Don't make me laugh you tricky maid
By mention of that night,
Wherein our cunning plans we laid
That foiled the Sophs outright.

Think of the wail in Seibert Hall
Upon that fateful eve,
Some hurry to the 'phone and call
While others stand and grieve.

Hello! Hello! in wild dismay,
Like those in tide of battle;
We heard the girl at central say,
"Just hear that maiden tattle."

At last their classmen were informed
Of trouble brewing round
But when our meeting had convened
Ten freshmen there were found.

Afraid you say to tackle five?
In truth it must be said,
Go seek the cowards 'mong the live,
The heroes 'mong the dead.

Dear Sophs do soothe your troubled brain,
This maxim ever keep
"Freshmen will always cause you pain,
Except when they're asleep."

We shopping go when free from cares
In that department store,
Where Learning keeps her polished wares
Of centuries before.

Translations literal and free
Of Latin phrase we make;
We learn the tongue of gay "Paree"
We must for culture's sake.

There's more to college life than toil—
The rose is by the thorn—
We sow choice seed on Memory's soil,
We lasting friendships form.

The "Royal Purple and Heliotrope"
Shall each day dearer grow;
"Always to be best" will help us cope
With trials here below.

We'll end this song of feeble rhyme.
To one and all adieu!
Again, some future happy time
We'll sing the song anew.

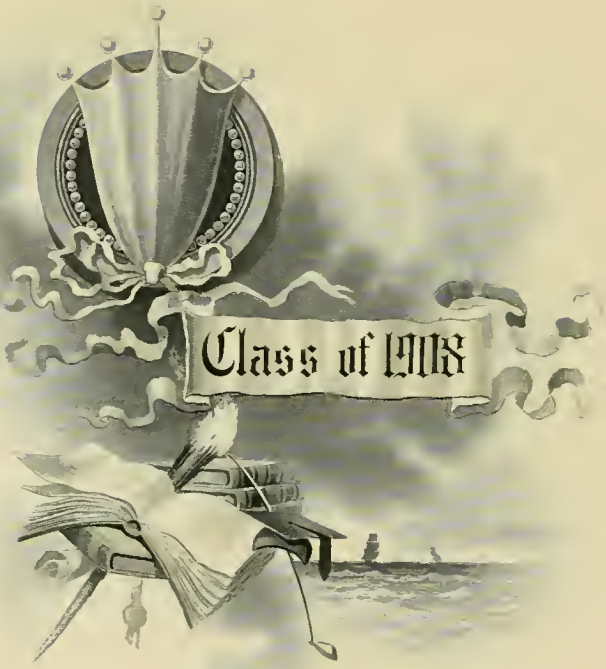


SUB

FRESHMAN

CLASS




Class of 1918



Sub-freshman Class.

Class of 1908.

COLORS:—Old Rose and Navy Blue.
FLOWER:—Rose.
MOTTO:—*Anduces fortuna jurat.*

YELL

Wollip! Wollop!
Wollop! Wollop!
Wollip! Wollop! Wolor!
Susquehanna Preps,
Nineteen-four

OFFICERS

WM. C. RHINEHART.....*President.*
ANNA K. YUTZY.....*Vice-President.*
FRED. G. SCHOCH.....*Secretary.*
WM. G. RECHEL.....*Treasurer.*
WM. E. SUNDAY.....*Historian.*
CARRIE HILBISH.....*Poet.*
JOS. W. SHAFFER.....*Artist.*

MEMBERS

ROBERT APP.....Selins Grove, Pa.
WM. ABLE.....Hellam, Pa.
MAE BOYER.....Selins Grove, Pa.
CHAS. BITTINGER.....Selins Grove, Pa.
ROSA FETTERHOOF.....Spruce Creek, Pa
WM. L. HEFFNER.....Benning, D. C.
CARRIE HILBISH.....Selins Grove, Pa.
JOHN J. HOUTZ.....Selins Grove, Pa.
CHAS. MYERS.....Liberty, Pa.
EARNEST JOB.....Homer City, Pa.
WM. RECHEL.....Newberry, Pa.
WM. RHINEHART.....Sunbury, Pa.
MARIE SNYDER.....Saddle River, N. J.
JOS. SHAFFER.....Montgomery, Pa.
CLYDE SCHAFFER.....Homer City, Pa.
RALPH SHOWERS.....Penns Creek, Pa.
WM. E. SUNDAY.....Penna Furnace, Pa.
FRED. G. SCHOCH.....New Berlin, Pa.
ALVIN REED.....Liberty, Pa.
IRA SASSMAN.....New Berlin, Pa.
MARY THOMPSON.....Selins Grove, Pa.
ANNA YUTZY.....Selins Grove, Pa.

History of Sub-Fresh.

TIME passes on and the Sub-Freshman have ended their years history. Bacon says: "History makes men wise," we would therefore urge all first and second year Preps to make a specialty of history for they certainly need wisdom. Although we are glad that we represent the strongest class, as to number in Prep., yet we are not conceited, Oh, no

It gives us pleasure to welcome new students into our class of '08. Nights of study and days of pleasant associations with one another in the class room and about the campus have been an experience and the Old Rose and Blue, our symbol of bravery, stands as the emblem of our little band. In Athletics we, as a class take a very active part. Those who are unable to join in any sports, heartily give the rest their support.

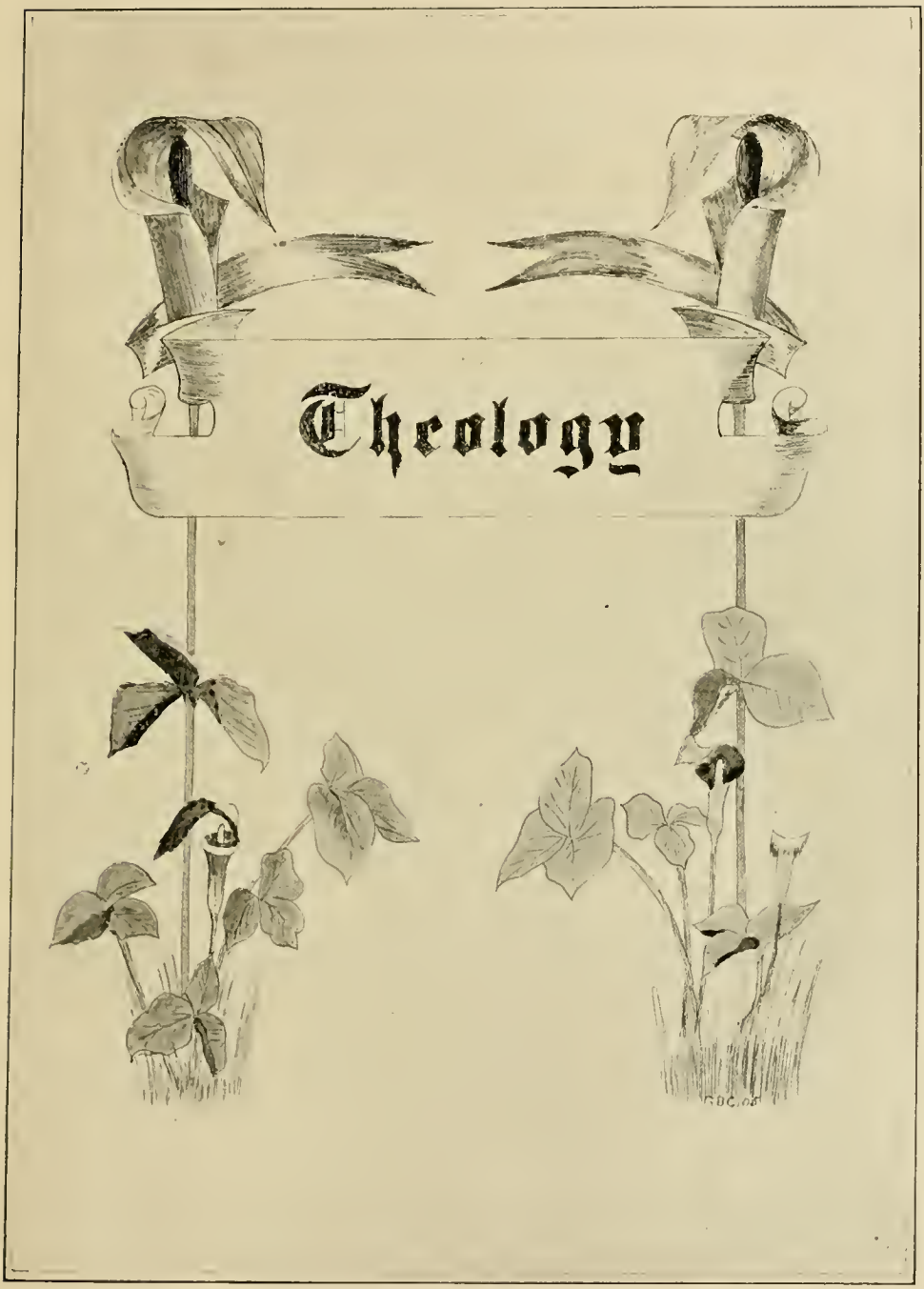
But very few of us are compelled to offer our aid as support, nor do we have an opportunity of cheering the teams from the side line. We are denied that privilege because most of the male members of the class are represented on the first teams. Our Co-Educational members are wholly in sympathy with the different teams and we believe if it were the custom at our Institution they would engage in the various athletic games.

We are certainly proud of the members who are varsity men and indeed we know the University acknowledges our skill on the diamond, field and track.

During our Middle Preparatory year we were, so to speak, in the bud, and rather green. Now we have blossomed out into our full glory and bid fair to surpass all our predecessors.

It is with foresight that we see awaiting us, though yet far distant, a fate like that of the rose. As after its time of beauty the blossomed petals of the rose float to the ground or are carried away by the wind, so some of the eighteen petals which form our class, may drift apart at the close of our Preparatory course.




Theology

Theological Department.

J. A. Richter. *President.*
U. A. Guss. *Vice-President.*
Lloyd W. Walter . . . *Secretary.*
P. H. Pearson. *Treasurer.*
M. H. Fischer. *Correspondent to Susquehanna*
Ralph Bergstresser.

SENIORS.

M. Luther Brownmiller, John A. Richter,
Ira Z. Fenstermacher, Geo. F. Scheese,
Charles Lambert, Levi P. Young.

MIDDLERS.

M. H. Fischer, L. Raymond Haus,
Uriah A. Guss, Philip H. Pearson,
Harry O. Reynolds, Wm. L. Price.

JUNIORS.

Eph M. Gearhart, Fred. Schrader, Jr.,
Ralph Bergstresser, L. M. Daubenspeck
Lloyd W. Walter.



Theologues.

The Theologue.



Who modern science quite eschews
And Hebrew learns to beat the Jews,
Gray theories and musty views?
The Theologue.

Who when 'tis thought he knows it all
Waits patiently (?) to get a call
That he may show how he can bawl?
The Theologue.

Who is it as his time grows ripe,
Puts by his cuss words, cane, and pipe,
And wears no pants with check or stripe?
The Theologue.

Who is it, when he walks the streets,
Looks seriously at men he meets
To smile the more if lassie greets?
The Theologue.

Who goes about with stiff backbone
As if he owned the world alone
With mortgage on a heavenly throne?
The Theologue.

Who talks as if he was billed through
To heaven's gate, and pities you
As though you were not bound there, too?
The Theologue.

Who thinks that he will furnish bass
For heaven's choir, since in that place
His voice alone will blend with grace?
The Theologue.

Who is it, if, on learning's hill,
He slip and fall against his will,
Crawls on all fours, and looks wise still?
The Theologue.

Who all the arts of carving tries?
An epicure of cakes and pies,
Stews, scrambles, boilings, roasts, and fries?
The Theologue.

Who harbors every joke and tale
And gets them off, however stale,
Without the aid of wine or ale?
The Theologue.

Who likes to help in earthly bliss
By making Mrs. of the Miss
Could he but choose the ones he'd kiss?
The Theologue.

Who is it, even in his prime,
When searching pockets for a dime
Will fish up pennies every time?
The Theologue.

Who is it, when he comes to die
Will feel he's earned a place on high
Although friends feel sure he must lie?
The Theologue.


CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Motto:—Thoroughness.

Emblem:—Fern.

Color:—Royal Purple.

YELL.

Whole Note! Half Note! Quarter Note! Grace!

Soprano!——Alto!———Tenor!————Bass!

Conserv!————Conserv!———Conservatory!

OFFICERS.

Miss Margaret Arbogast.*President.*

Miss Margaret Rothrock*Vice-President.*

Miss Bertha M. Meiser..... *Secretary.*

Miss Ada M. Lau.*Treasurer.*



Susquehanna University Conservatory of Music.

ROLL CALL.

1—Arbogast, Margaret	Selins Grove, Pa.	p. v. m.
2—Brown, Grace E.	Selins Grove, Pa.	p. c.
3—Birch, Sarah	Selins Grove, Pa.	v.
4—Garinger, Adah M.	Asherton, Pa.	p. v. m.
5—Herman, Beatrice	Kratzerville, Pa.	p.
6—Houseworth, Harriett	Selins Grove, Pa.	p.
7—Houtz, Lucy	Selins Grove, Pa.	p.
8—Houtz, John	Selins Grove, Pa.	p.
9—Knepp, Estella	Lewistown, Pa	p.
10—Lau, Ada M.	Hellam, Pa.	p. v.
11—Longacre, Edith	Wardville, Pa.	p.
12—Meiser, Bertha M.	Selins Grove, Pa.	p. v. c. m. (Class '04).
13—Phillips, Will G.	Selins Grove, Pa.	v.
14—Price, William	Hughesville, Pa.	v.
15—Ramey, Ruth N.	Altoona, Pa.	p. v. h.
16—Rine, Gertrude	McKees Half Falls, Pa.	p.
17—Rinehart, Mary	Sunbury, Pa.	p.
18—Rothrock, Marie	Selins Grove, Pa.	p. v. h. m.
19—Rothrock, Margaret	Fremont, Pa.	p. h. m.
20—Snyder, Marie	Selins Grove, Pa.	p. v.
21—Stevens, Winifred	Williamsburg, Pa.	p.
22—Stetler, Lillian	Middleburg, Pa.	p. v.
23—Swank, Calvin P.	Elysburg, Pa.	v.
24—Trench, Zoe L.	Bloomsburg, Pa.	p. v. h. m.
25—Wallize, Ida V.	Selins Grove, Pa.	p. v.
26—Werkheiser, Luella	Danville, Pa.	p. v.
27—Wert, W. W.	Killinger, Pa.	p.
28—Wittmer, Edith M.	Alvira, Pa.	p. h. m.
29—Woodruff, Ralph	Selins Grove, Pa.	p.
30—Zimmerman, Estella	Selins Grove, Pa.	v.
31—Wittenmyer, Bertha	Middleburg, Pa.	p.
32—Dimm, A. M.	Lewistown, Pa.	p.

p.—Piano. v.—Voice. h.—Harmony. c.—Counterpoint.
m —Musical History.



The Soul of Music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the Master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies, unheard before.



ACH age and nation has had its own music. The ancients accompanied their feasts and merry-makings with it and always went into battle chanting of the bravery and deeds of their fathers. This custom of having music on all occasions has been modified and has come down to modern times. Something in man's nature delights in the even rhythm. Through music the very secret of his soul is brought forth and set in the audible world. No other art can bring before him so many forgotten secrets and memories of his life.

Music appeals to all mankind

"For doth not song to the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth or sadness mingle as they flow—
A heritage for all."

The little child forgets the sorrow when nestled in the mothers' arms and soothed by the lullaby song. The boy listens to a sweet strain and goes on keeping his heart in tune with the notes he has heard. The soldier is urged to do and dare by the martial airs of his native land. The wanderer will be touched by nothing sooner than the strains of "Home Sweet Home" or the favorite hymn the mother once sang. Men and women in every condition of life may be swayed by the power of song and their ways brightened by it.

Through music, composers such as Beethoven and Bach, speak from hearts filled with noble aspirations in a language that surpasses words. Their inner souls speak and a response is found in the hearts of those who are able to appreciate the sentiments expressed. But how much grander will be the music when each life shall be perfected, each discord removed and each voice attuned to sing the one glad song throughout eternity.

For music is the

"Silver key of the fountain of tears
Where the spirit drinks till
The brain is wild,
Softest grave of a thousand fears
Where their mother, care, like
A drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers."



Miss Krall,
Director of Oratory.

Oratory.

THE beginning and end of art are in God. Art, even as God, hides itself in Light. Its beauties are transparent, and cannot be discerned except by those who possess the vision born of a pure heart. All Art is expression—the type of Art which draws its existence from light and love—which makes perfect and sanctifies the soul—to this Art we owe the happiness of Faith.

Let us devote our lives to enlighten our souls—let us leap higher and higher and thus grow in the appreciation of this sovereignty—The Beautiful.—To be able to express The Beautiful in thought and feeling is a wonderful privilege, but he must dig deep who would find the Golden Heart.

Oratory is the greatest Art. It includes the elements of all, and in all ages has wielded a greater influence than any other. Perfect oratory is like a perfect orchestra—there are many instruments—but all blend into one beautiful melody. The perfect orator is capable of this grand harmony of the emotions, it plays upon his features, his utterances penetrate.

It is glorious to speak great lofty thoughts that shall thrill the souls of great men—But we cannot leave our Art—The Beautiful upon the rostrum—within the Senate Chamber and Halls of learning—it fain would follow us in all paths of life. It bids us

"Speak gently, 'tis a little thing.
Dropped in the hearts' deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell."

The voice is an exquisite instrument, it responds quickly to emotion—to feeling—it thrills and vibrates at every caprice of the will.

Mrs. Browning, says—"And we talked—Oh how we talked; her voice so cadenced in the talking made another singing of the soul; a music without bars—while the leafy sounds of woodlands humming round where we were walking brought interposition, worthy—sweet—as skies about the stars, and she spake such good thoughts natural as if she always thought them.

COMMERCIAL LAW
SHORT HAND

Officers.

Geo. D. Whitmer	*President.*
Ralph Herman	*Vice-President.*
James B. Sholly	*Secretary.*
H. F. Conrad	*Treasurer.*
Edw. P. Sones	*Historian.*

Motto:—Uncompromising Thoroughness.

YELL.

Razzle, Dazzle,
Hobble, Gobble,
Sis, Biz, Bah,
School of Business! School of Business!
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING

Ruth Lyter,
Geo. Whitmer,
W. C. Sholly
H. F. Conrad,
Geo. Jarrett,
Elizabeth Irwin,
Samuel Stauffer,
J. B. Sholly,
H. P. Aurand,
Eva Matthews,
C. E. Smith,
Mae Schoch,
C. H. Lesher,
R. S. Bolig,
Laura Gemberling,
C. W. Gemberling,
Edith Potter,
Edw. P. Sones,
Ralph Herman,
Ada Garinger,
Howard Burns,
Pauline Schoch,
A. D. Gougler,
Martha Dimm,
Arthur Buck,
Robert Haven,
Sara Fickes,
Jessie Snyder,
Mabelle Gemberling,
Garfield Phillips,
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H. F. Conrad,
Geo. Jarrett,
Samuel Stauffer,
Geo. Wagenseller,
J. B. Sholly,
H. P. Aurand,
Eva I. Matthews,
C. E. Smith,
C. H. Lesher,
Edw. P. Sones,
Ralph Herman,
Wellington Wert,
Howard Burns,
Chas. Arbogast,
E. C. Keiser,
Jno. Bingaman,
Jno. Hoff,
F. G. Bingaman,
R. E. Tressler,
E. C. Johnson,
M. J. Hendricks,
Harry Bolig,
Garfield Phillips
F. C. Henry.





Commercial Students.

History of the Commercial Department.

TO us, the present members of the Business Department of Susquehanna University, is due the honor of writing the first historical sketch of this illustrous class of knowledge-seekers. This department has been the most recent addition to our curriculum, but is it the least important? We believe not.

Although it is yet in its infancy, the short period of its existence has proven that a continuation of its past and present achievements will make it one of the greatest schools of Business in the State. It has been less than a year since the first class graduated from this department, and when we look about us, we find its members occupying various and important positions in the great world of business. We may find them in our own State, in Mexico,and other parts of the world, and everywhere successful.

To what do we owe the greatness of these achievements? There is some dominating influence at work somewhere, that urges us to apply ourselves, and so successfully achieve our work.

France owed all her successes in battle to her one great general, Napoleon. Without him the legions of France would have failed. Urged on by him, whose mind formed all their plans, whose iron will disciplined their actions, and under whose leadership they caused the world to tremble.

Our worthy professor, though not a great military leader, can in some respects, be compared with this great French leader. It has been through his constant and indefatigable efforts that this department has been so well organized, and so successfully carried on thus far, and if S. U. is so fortunate as to retain his services, there will be no question as to a successful future.

That the abilities of the members of this department are not confined to the classroom alone is seen in the successful issue of everything they undertake. The banquet at Middleburg, Feb. 4th, showed how well and how business-like could all the details be carried out. From start to finish it was a grand success.

May we continue to succeed in our work here, and when we are called upon to enter into the real activities of life, may we exercise the excellent training we are getting here to our own advantage, and to the advantage of S. U.'s Business Department.



SUMMER SCHOOL

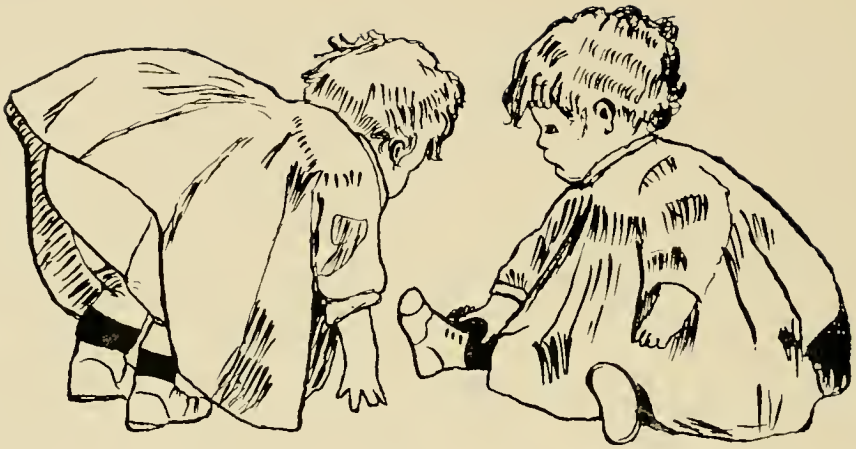
The Summer School.



SUMMER Schools are of modern development and have lately become quite popular throughout the United States. Colleges and Universities are offering their privileges during the summer months where formerly the janitors held supreme control. Many summer resorts and chautauquas offer instruction in various subjects and there is a general tendency to redeem the summer for the student. As the college is a preparation for life, why should the student put into his vacation one-quarter of the year while the business man, or the professional man is content with two or three weeks? If health is in question, the student will do better to do less work per day, but use more days per year.

Following the lead of other colleges and universities, Susquehanna University has established a summer school which will this year hold its second session. Nor is the object of the course simply to take up the time of the student as is often the case with the chautauquas and summer resort courses. The same hard, thorough and systematic work is continued as during the regular college year. The University's summer course must not be considered in the light of recreation or ease.

Generally the students who pursue this course are much in earnest. Athletic and society interests largely disappear and the whole attention is given to the curriculum. This of course does not imply that no recreation is given, or should be taken. To the lover of nature, Susquehanna's surroundings in summer are almost ideal. Flora in her lovliest and most varied forms abounds in the beautiful meadows and on the hill sides. The mountain climber here may find his charms and the ardent admirer of landscape may here have his æsthetic tastes appeased.



PREPARATORY DEP'T



SECOND YEAR PREP.

Henry O. Beaver,
Harry Bolig,
J. Albert Brosius,
Paul M. Enders,
P. R. Hall,
Maude B. Heim,
Harry C. Holshue,
Harry N. Jarrett,
George F. Jarrett,
Peter H. Klick,
Ada M. Lau,
John P. Maus,
Mary A. Rinehart,
Ralph Herman,
Gertrude Rine,
Edith V. Longacre,
Ruth Gilbert,
Margaret Rothrock,
Conrad R. Richter,
Pauline Schoch,
George H. Seiler,
Ada M. Garinger,
John W. Thompson.
Forrest C. Romig,
George Wagenseller
Edward P. Snyder,
William P. Snyder,
Robert Haven.

FIRST YEAR PREP.

K. Mae Arbogast,
Frank Wallis Crouse,
George Bramm,
George H. Ettla,
Joseph L. Haines,
William G. Houseworth,
Jacob Henry Kuster,
Charles N. Jarrett,
Marguerite Potter,
Catherine R. Schoch,
Andrew D. Schoch,
Agnes S. Schoch,
Ethel L. Smyser,
Ralph E. Weist,
Minnie Rine,
George H. Rhoads,
Fred Shoop,
Robert Turner.

ELECTIVE COURSES.

Geo. D. Clark,
Clyde M. Stutzman,
John Fallon,
Earl C. Musser,
John E. Reish,
Herman H. Flick,
John Neary,
Emory C. Johnson,
J. Clyde Hoover,
Frank Cannon.

The Prep. School.



LIKE many other colleges and universities, Susquehanna acts upon the belief that as the twig is bent, so is the tree. She begins with the tender youth who is without experience and with little knowledge, and carefully prepares his mind to grasp the principles taught in the college.

The Prep at Susquehanna has many decided advantages seldom given at other places. The one great object of education is culture, and one of the best means of culture is association with those who are refined in manner and skilled in pursuit of knowledge. Even though the average under-graduate is not our ideal in culture, yet we know of certainty that he is well mannered, thinks clearly, converses intelligently, reads motives readily sympathizes freely and indeed is quite companionable. The members of our Prep School have the opportunity of mingling to a certain extent with the college students in the literary societies, religious organizations and athletic contests. The result is obvious. When the Prep becomes a Freshman, he has a broader knowledge of things, knows more college etiquette and is more teachable than the average person prepared in the High School or Academy.

The instructors, all of whom are college graduates, are men and women of wide knowledge, sound judgment, and thoroughly competent to teach.





Development of Susquehanna University.



USQUEHANNA University, though comparatively young, has had a remarkable development. Having been established in 1858 as Missionary Institute, her growth has not been sudden, but gradual.

After her establishment, two courses of study were offered the Classical course, under the management of Prof. Theo. Weaver, and the Theological course. The former had at once about 75 pupils enrolled in it, the latter began with twelve. Work was at once begun on the new building, known as Selins Grove Hall, the money for which was provided by the generous and whole hearted people of Selins Grove. The leadership and management of the institution was, in those earlier days, in the hands of Dr. Kurtz, Dr. H. Zeigler, Dr. P. Born, Dr. J. B. Focht, Dr. F. P. Manhart and Dr. J. R. Dimm.

In 1894, to meet the demands for larger and better accommodations, the commodious building known as Gustavus Adolphus Hall was erected. In the same year the course of study was extended and rearranged to include the Junior and Senior years of a college course, with conferring of degrees, the institution taking the name of Susquehanna University. Rev. J. R. Dimm, D. D., was elected president and began the larger work of the institution, supported by worthy and earnest instructors. In 1897 the Laboratory was added to the campus buildings. The work of both Theological and Collegiate Departments was continued with increasing success until 1899, when Dr. Dimm resigned the Presidency remaining, however, to continue his work as Professor.

Rev. C. W. Heisler, D. D., of Denver, Col., was chosen President. Various changes and additions were made to the course of study, of which the most important was the establishing of the Departments of Music and of Elocution.

The resignation of Dr. Heisler took place in 1901. Prof. John Woodruff, A. M., was elected dean and acted in the capacity of president of the Collegiate Department, while Rev. Jacob Yutzy, D. D. acted as dean of the Theological Dpeartment. During this period the beautiful Ladies Dormitory, known as Seibert Memorial Hall, was erected and dedicated. The Commercial School was also added to the University courses.

In 1902 Rev. Geo. W. Enders, D. D., of York, Pa., was elected President and continues in the office to the present time. Many important advances in the University have occurred within the past two years. The Alumni Gymnasium, the finest of its kind in the state, was built in 1903. This structure supplies a great need of Susquehanna. The athletic field has been enlarged and improved, some of the older buildings have been repaired and renovated, the courses of instruction have been strengthened, and the faculty has been increased.

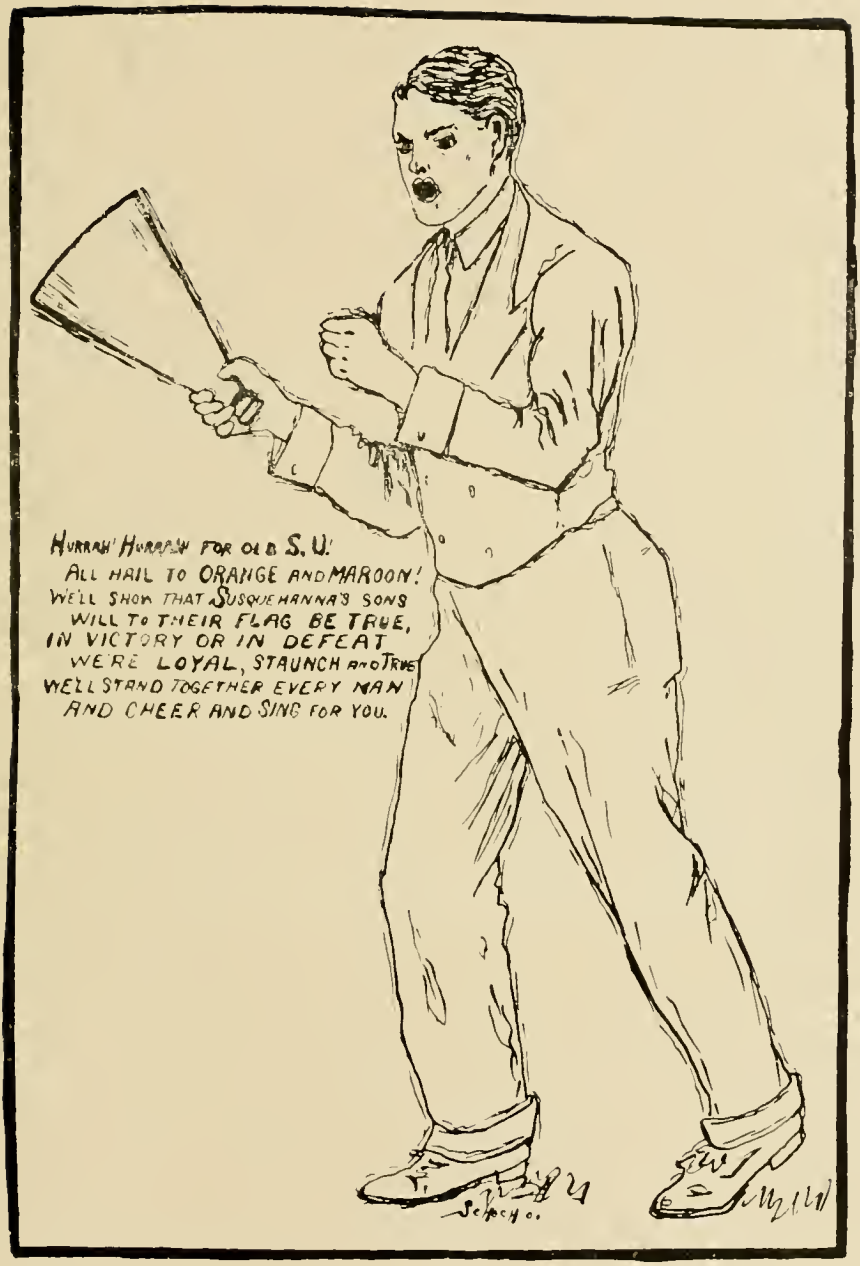
Susquehanna is fast gaining friends who are able to give her financial support and prestige in the educational world. Founded by men of purity and integrity, her principles are firmly founded upon truth, which fact makes her existence useful and her perpetuity sure.










HURRAH! HURRAH! FOR OLD S.U.!
ALL HAIL TO ORANGE AND MAROON!
WE'LL SHOW THAT SUSQUEHANNA'S SONS
WILL TO THEIR FLAG BE TRUE,
IN VICTORY OR IN DEFEAT
WE'RE LOYAL, STAUNCH AND TRUE
WE'LL STAND TOGETHER EVERY MAN
AND CHEER AND SING FOR YOU.

Athletic Board.

OFFICERS.

C. P. Swank.....*President.*
C. H. Geise.....*Vice-President.*
J. M. Uber.....*Secretary.*
Ralph Bergstresser.....*Treasurer.*
W. L. Price.....*Custodian.*

MEMBERS.

ALUMNI.

Ira C. Schoch, N. Cathaman.

FACULTY.

Profs. T. B. Birch, G. E. Fisher, A. B. Wallize.

SEMINARY.

W. L. Price, Ralph Bergstresser.

COLLEGE.

C. P. Swank, '04, W. H. Heim, '05,
J. M. Uber, '06, C. H. Geise, '07.

PREPARATORY.

J. W. Shaffer.

History of Athletics.

THE growth of Susquehanna's Athletics has been similar to the development of the Institution, steady and firm. She feels, as all other centers of learning, that she cannot mould strong, useful sons, unless that inherent tendency known as sport is given careful attention.

But very little attention was given to systematic athletics until 1892, when football was introduced. Although many obstacle shad to be overcome, the game has gradually become one of Susquehanna's strongest.

It was not until 1898 that baseball was regularly organized The team met with immediate success. Not once was defeat thrust upon it during the first year, even though the conflicts were waged against some of the foremost colleges of the State. Since that time we have met with varying success, sometimes sorely defeated sometimes, gloriously triumphant.

The first track team was organized in 1901 and has ever since been a strong part of our athletics. Following this, in 1902, basketball was introduced with much success and now The Orange and Maroon may well boast of her excellent showing in this sport.

Since the erection of the new gymnasium every feature of athletics is strengthening. A new spirit pervades the students and friends of the institution. Among the most prominent promoters of athletics we would mention Gilchrist, Long, Hare, Ford Woodley, Nicholas, the Hermans, the Brumgarts. Hoover, Wolgemuth, Fischer, Wagenseller, and Gearhart.


SCHOCH 00.



1903 Football Team.



FOSTER C. BENFER.....*Captain.*
CLAY WHITMOYER.....*Manager.*
FRANK CANNON.....*Coach.*

JOHN FALLON, (c)	J. W. SHAFFER, (lg)
I. W. BINGAMAN (rg)	R. HERMAN, (lt)
CHAS. GEISE (rt)	J. P. MAUS, (le)
C. P. SWANK, (re)	F. C. BENFER, (qrb)
G. D. WITMER, (rhb)	W. FLECK, (lhb)

P. H. PEARSON (fb).

SUBSTITUTES.

B. HOUSEWORTH	ARTHUR BUCK,
O. E. SUNDAY,	L. F. GUNDERMAN,

J. SHOLLY.



Record of 1903.

Franklin and Marshall	29	Susquehanna	5
Dickinson Seminary	0	Susquehanna	5
Lafayette	48	Susquehanna	0
Gettysburg	0	Susquehanna	6
Lebanon Valley	0	Susquehanna	17
Trevorton	0	Susquehanna	0
Bloomsburg	12	Susquehanna	0
Lehigh University	45	Susquehanna	0



1903 Football Team.

1903 Reserve Football Team.

L. F. Gunderman.....Captain.
T. B. Uber.....Manager.
Prof. A. B. Wallize.....Coach.

R. P. Hall, (c)	W. Price, (fb)	J. Uber (le)
R. Showers, (rg)	J. Sholly, (lhb)	H. O. Beaver, (lg)
T. Uber, (rt)	O. E. Sunday (rhb)	F. S. Shoch (lb)

SUBSTITUTES.

Robert Haven,	George Fox,
Paul Enders,	J. J. Henderson.

RECORD.

Northumberland..	0	Susquehanna Reserves..... 17
Milton H. S..	0	Susquehanna Reserves..... 5
Shamokin H. S. . .	33	Susquehanna Reserves..... 0



1903 Susquehanna Reserves.

"The Scrubs."

THE Scrub Team! The name and use of this body of players without doubt originated at the same time.

There were always some men who were inferior to those chosen to represent their college; others strong but inexperienced who needed the rough edge of their awkwardness trimmed off; still others who were young and undeveloped, for whom time was needed in which to grow and practice, to bring out their powers. This conglomerate mass was bunched together under that significant but extremely undeserved title. "The Scrubs."

Certainly there never has been a worse misnomer applied to a body of deserving men. The name signifies the unfit, the untrained, the left-over after all good material has been selected from the whole body of athletic men.

This idea of insignificance is, we are glad to say, and prove, entirely removed when we give any thought to the making of a team.

For the very reasons given before not all the men are equally fit and available for the first team. Those best qualified by nature and training are found into a team with eleven others less fortunate by nature and less developed by training to oppose them.

Not two per cent. of those who play against the Varsity night after night for nearly three months have any hope of making a place on the team. Many of them do not care for the game, others are too light to be effective players, yet each day finds them on the field to be beaten and bruised by the heavier, stronger Varsity.

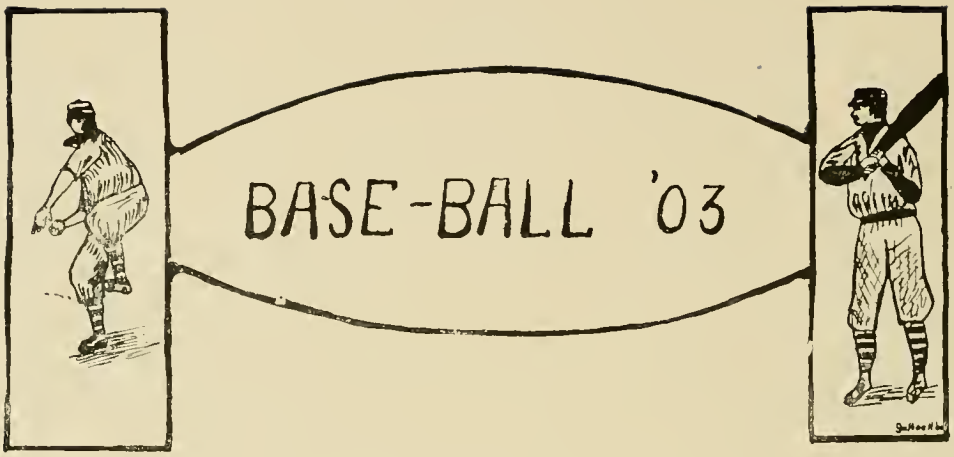
What can be the motive that brings them out? Not any hope of glory on the field, not that they may become members of the team that shall defeat a rival institution, nor even the reward of the college letter at the end of the season. None of these are the incentives. They love their college and are proud of her athletics. They hope to help in turning out a strong team and are doing their share, nay more than their share toward its development. Strong, fleet and active men, coach, college spirit, these are essentials

but without "The Scrubs," even these could not make a winning team. Each man on the Varsity must have a man to play against him. The game cannot be learned by signal drill alone. There must be defense against offense, and offense against defense.

The Varsity always practices against a weaker eleven, and sometimes meets an easy foe. "The Scrubs" day after day play with a stronger team and never know the joy of winning nor even the hope of victory.

These players are not then the refuse or surplus material. This is the training squad for the undeveloped and the moulding force for the college team. From its numbers have come clean-cut Varsity players, yes, and captains. Susquehanna has had at least three captains who played for more than two years on this "Scrub Team" and several more who have played on it for a time. But leave out all hope of such honor. There is even greater for these plucky men. The Varsity is their product, the monument to their faithfulness. All honor that may come to Alma Mater is especially their honor. The laurels of the Team are theirs. They have used their talents well. They are no longer "The Scrubs" but the faithful, heroic "Reserves" of their college.





F. S. Wagenseller *Captain.*
S. Weis *Manager.*
Eby *Coach.*

Benfer, cf. rf	Wagenseller, ss,	Eby, c
Roberts, lf	Hoch, 2 b	Conrad 1 b.
Frank, 1 b.c.	Reynolds, rf, 1 b	Sholly, 3 b
Oldt, 3 b	Fertsch, 3 b, p	Newer, p
	Wert, p. rf.	

SUBSTITUTES.

Cornelius,	Sunday,	Pearson.



EBY WAGENSELLER WEIS.

1903 Record.



APRIL.

10—Ursinus	*vs* Susquehanna at Selins Grove	8–3
13—Syracuse,	*vs* Susquehanna at Selins Grove	10–3
25—P. R. R. Y. M. C. A.	*vs* Susquehanna at Selins Grove	7–4
29—Williamsport A. C.,	*vs* Susquehanna at Williamsport	16–3

MAY.

1—Gettysburg,	*vs* Susquehanna at Selins Grove	7–1
2—Penn. Park,	*vs* Susquehanna at York	15–3
12—Albright	*vs* Susquehanna at Meyerstown	3–5
13—Ursinus,	*vs* Susquehanna at Collegeville	22–0
14—Villa Nova,	*vs* Susquehanna at Villa Nova	14–3
28—Alumni	*vs* Susquehanna at Selins Grove	1–18

JUNE.

3—B. S. N. S	*vs* Susquehanna at Bloomsburg	18–6
5—Bellefonte Ac, ed.	*vs* Susquehanna at Bellefonte	6–4
6—Lock Haven	*vs* Susquehanna at Lock Haven	2–5
13—Danville	*vs* Susquehanna at Danville	8–4
15—B. S. N. S..	*vs* Susquehanna at Selins Grove	8–1

1903 Reserve Base Ball Team.

C. P. Swank. *Captain.*
I. W. Bingaman. *Manager.*

L. F. Gunderman Shortstop.
L. W. Walters Pitcher.
W. W. Wert Pitcher.
I. W. Bingaman First Base.
C. P. Swank Second Base.
J. M. Uber Third Base.
W. E. Sunday Center.
P. H. Pearson Left Field.
O. E. Sunday Center Field.
T. B. Uber Right Field.
E. K. Shollenberger Substitute.

RECORD.

Sunbury H. S.	12	Susquehanna Res.	25
Bucknell Academy	8	Susquehanna Res.	3
Northumberland	9	Susquehanna Res.	3
Sunbury H. S.	2	Susquehanna Res.	10



Basket Ball



Record of 1904.

JANUARY.

16—Milton, 11	Susquehanna, 42 at Selins Grove.
21—Williamsport Y. M. C. A., 37	Susquehanna 15 at Williamsport.
22—Lock Haven Normal, 10	Susquehanna, 16 at Lock Haven.
23—Bellefonte Academy, 20	Susquehanna, 4 at Bellefonte.
30—Bellefonte Academy 4	Susquehanna, 41 at Selins Grove

FEBRUARY.

2—Bloomsburg Normal, 16	Susquehanna, 21 at Selins Grove.
11—Steelton Y. M. C. A., 41	Susquehanna, 11 at Steelton.
12—Franklin and Marshall 33	Susquehanna 19 at Lancaster.
15—State College, 34	Susquehanna 7 at Selins Grove.
20—Wyoming Seminary, 24	Susquehanna, 31 at Selins Grove.
27—Lehigh, 34	Susquehanna 13 at S. Bethlehem.

MARCH.

3—Franklin and Marshall, 11	Susquehanna, 19 at Selins Grove.
15—Danville, 11	Susquehanna, 69 at Selins Grove.



Season of 1903-4 Basket Ball Team.

PEARSON..... *Captain.*

STUTZMAN..... *Coach.*

SUNDAY..... *Manager.*

FORWARDS

STUTZMAN, SHOLLY.

CENTRE.

PEARSON.

GUARDS.

SONES, BENFER.

SUBSTITUTES.

SHOLLY, SUNDAY, SHAEFFER, SHUPE.



1904 Basket Ball Team



Track Team.

M. H. Fischer.....*Manager and Coach.*

Eph. M. Gearhart*Captain.*

W. K. Fleck,
W. L. Price,
Geo. Whitmer,
P. H. Pearson,
John Latsha,
W. I. Bingaman
S. E. Smith.

GYM. TEAM

U. A. Guss.....*Captain.*

F. W. Barry,
A. M. Dimm,
L. F. Gunderman,
Clyde Stutzman.

Juniata-Susquehanna Meet.



Held at Huntingdon, Pa.

Score Juniata 39—Susquehanna 61.

100 yds.	GEARHART (s) 10 3-5	ZOOK (J).
Shot put,	BINGAMAN (s) 39.3,	PEOPLES (J) 38.10, BOWSER (J) 37-5
Mile run,	ZOOK (s) 5.41 2-5	SMITH (J)
High Jump,	GEARHART (s) 4.11,	PEOPLES (J).
220 Dash,	GEARHART (s) 25 -35	FLECK (s).
High hurdles	GEARHART (s) 14.2	PEOPLES (J).
Half mile,	LATSHA (s) 2.22 1-5	(PRICE AND SMITH) (s) tie.
Broad jump,	PEOPLES (s) 18.11	WHITMER (s) 18.4, GEARHART (s) 18-2.
Quarter mi.	PEARSON, (s) 57.	ZOOK (J) 57 1-5, GUYER (J).
Pole Vault,	WHITMER (s) 9.02	MANNER (J) 9.01
Hammer Throw,	BOWSER (J) 121.1	PEOPLES (J) 117, BINGAMAN (s) 112.
Low hurdle,	GEARHART (s) 13	PEARSON (s) 13 3-5; BOWSER (J) 13 4-5.

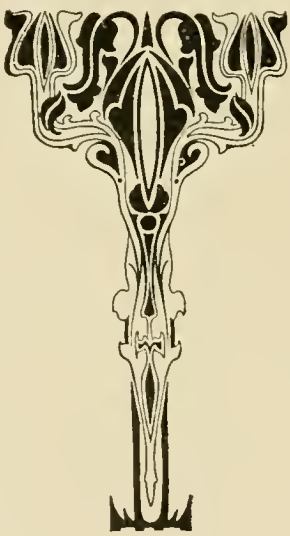


Athletics.



LOOKING at the subject of athletics in a broad manner we find plenty of evidence that the nations that have given most attention to the development of the body and the care of the health, have not only been of superior quality physically, but they have invariably attained the greatest mental preeminence. According to Grote, the historian, Greece devoted more time to the physical training of her youth than all other studies combined, and yet we are told that the Greeks, as a people, were as superior to us in intellectual qualities as we are to the African negro. It is interesting to discover even among the opinions of the most rabid opponents of college athletics today, that there never was or never will be a time, whether there be athletics or not, when all the students of a university will devote themselves assiduously throughout their waking hours to the pursuits of Academic studies. There never was a time and probably never will be, that a winner of a Greek or Latin prize will be cheered or looked upon with anything like the college honors bestowed upon a victorious athlete. When the athletic wave was first started in our colleges it made little headway. What they had to overcome was not an undue devotion to studies, but a devotion to all sorts of disorder. From the records kept by a Professor in one of the great universities we find that disorder among the students has decreased materially since the introduction of athletics. The reason for this is a new outlet for animal spirits, as well as the restraining influence caused by the authority over the candidates of the captains and

managers of the various teams. The instructors in colleges find that athletics furnish a measure of discipline which can be utilized and that they certainly give the executive body a chance to inflict punishments for disorders and infraction of rules which are peculiarly effective. Let us look into the records of all the great minds of past ages and we'll find them as a rule to have had strong bodies. Where is the one today, who does not want to have a good intellect, where is the one who does not want a strong body; and in their union alone rest all the hopes, happiness and future of mankind.



College Song.



TUNE:—"Watch on the Rhine."

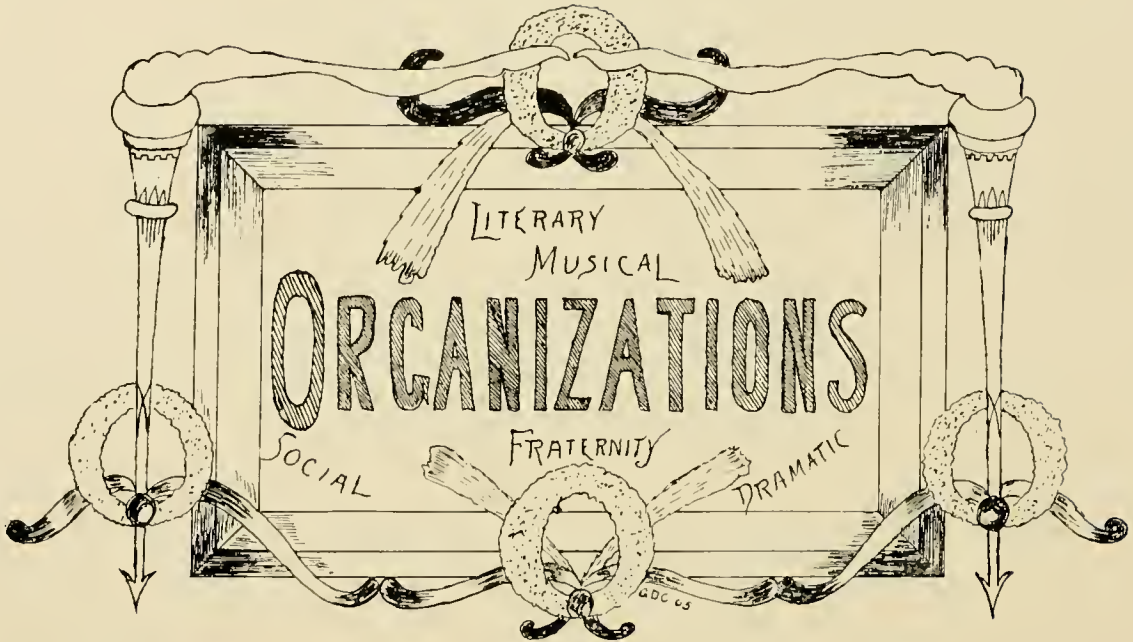
As students all loyal and true,
We sing in praise of old S. U.,
Our joyful praises now we bring,
Let high our joyful chorus ring.

CHORUS:

All hail to thee, dear old S. U.,
All hail to thee, dear old S. U.,
Long may her colors wave,
 Orange and maroon;
Long may her colors wave,
 Orange and maroon!

To thee we bring our homage true,
Which to thy worth and praise is due,
And as thy sons from near and far,
We follow thee, our guiding star.

CHORUS:


LITERARY
MUSICAL
ORGANIZATIONS
SOCIAL
FRATERNITY
DRAMATIC



Drake, Phila

Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS.

L. W. Walter.....*President.*
O. E. Sunday.....*Vice-President.*
F. W. Barry.....*Secretary.*
U. A. Guss.....*Treasurer.*
L. F. Gunderman.....*Monitor.*

DEVOTIONAL.

M. H. Fischer, L. P. Young,
Geo. D. Clark.

MISSIONARY.

L. R. Haus, U. A. Guss,
C. P. Swank, E. M. Gearhart.

BIBLE STUDY.

Clay Whitmoyer, L. F. Gunderman,
O. E. Sunday.

MEMBERSHIP.

F. W. Barry, P. H. Pearson.
Robt. Haven, I. W. Bingaman.

FINANCE.

U. A. Guss, L. M. Daubenspeck,
W. H. Kempfer.

Y. M. C. A. Bible Class.



Teaching of Jesus and His Disciples, L. F. Gunderman, Leader.
Old Testament Characters, Clay Whitmoyer, Leader.
Studies in the Acts and Epistles, O. E. Sunday, Leader.
Studies in Life of Christ, C. P. Swank, Leader.
Studies in Life of Jesus, T. B. Uber, Leader.
Normal Class, L. W. Walter, Leader.

MISSION BAND.

L. R. Haus.....*Leader.*
M. H. Fischer.....*Educational Secretary.*
L. F. Gunderman.....*Secretary and Treasurer.*

M. H. Fischer,
L. R. Haus,
U. A. Guss,
F. W. Barry,
L. F. Gunderman,
Clay Whitmoyer,
L. W. Walter,
G. D. Clarke.

CONFERENCE DELEGATES.

Northfield.
L. W. Walter,
F. W. Barry,
L. F. Gunderman,
O. E. Sunday,

State Convention.
Clay Whitmoyer,
M. H. Fischer,
C. P. Swank,
T. B. Uber,
W. K. Flick

Members.



I. W. Bingaman,
J. A. Brosius,
W. H. Able,
G. D. Clark,
L. M. Daubenspeck,
Prof. T. C. Houtz,
W. W. Heim,
W. H. Kempfer,
George Ettla,
J. P. Maus,
P. H. Pearson,
Paul Enders,
Clyde Shaffer,
W. C. Rhinehart,
G. G. Fox,
Prof. Geo. Fisher,
O. E. Sunday,
C. P. Swank,
Archie Frontz,
E. M. Gearhart,
U. A. Guss,
L. F. Gunderman,
L. W. Walter,
Harry Weber,
W. W. Wert,
Prof. L. P. Young,
Dr. Jacob Yutzy,
E. C. Johnson,
Fred. Shoch,
Clarence Tool,
Prof. J. I. Woodruff,

F. W. Barry,
C. R. Allenbach,
M. L. Brownmiller,
Prof. H. A. Allison,
Dr. J. R. Dimm,
P. R. Hall,
J. J. Henderson,
Prof. Jacob Kempfer,
P. H. Klick,
Charles Lambert,
W. L. Price,
J. A. Richter,
M. H. Fischer,
Ralph Showers,
W. E. Sunday,
George Seiler,
Prof. A. L. Smith,
W. K. Fleck,
I. Z. Fenstermacher,
J. W. Shaffer,
Thomas Uber,
James Uber,
Chas. H. Geise,
L. R. Haus,
Robert Haven,
Prof. A. B. Wallize,
Clay Whitmoyer,
W. W. Young,
E. P. Sones,
Earnest Job,
C. F. Weist.

C. S. Myers

Place of Y. M. C. A. in College Life.



"There are but three steps from earth to heaven, or if you will, from earth to hell—acts, habits, character."

"*Think truly*, and thy thoughts
Shall some soul's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A grand and noble creed."

Considering this subject from an entirely unselfish standpoint, we may approach the discussion with the question: What does the world demand in men? I mean by the world, that restless, unsatisfied and needy mass of humanity which must be lifted by the force of strong men.

First, it needs men of high ideals, men who see the possibilities of growth in the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the spiritual life; men who desire purity in politics. Furthermore it needs men who express those ideals in their own lives. Unselfishness, sincerity persistence, characterize their acts. Neither prejudice nor policy nor cowardice force them to fail in the real tests of character. The world wants, yea demands, fearless, faithful, patient knights who feel the dignity of life and love the truth more than their own souls.

How will this Christian Association of the College help men to meet these demands? It will help men to reach these standards by bringing the noblest souls into close fellowship.

Here the deepest feelings of the heart are revealed; holy ambitions are enkindled, the weak are made strong. But this is not all; for not only are men laying the firm foundations of character in their own lives, but are leading the willful to see their responsibility to become true men, obedient servants of truth and of God.


Y. W. C. A.
'02

Officers of Y. W. C. A.



Minnie L. Kline.....*President.*
Mrs. Jacob Yutzy.....*Vice-President.*
Lulu B. Smith.....*Secretary.*
Anna M. Beaver.....*Treasurer.*
Martha Schollenberger.....*Pianist.*

MEMBERS.

Edna Kline,
Zoe Trench,
Minnie Kline,
Edith Longacre,
May Guss,
Jessie Snyder,
Anna Beaver,
Ada Lau,
Martha Schollenberger.
Gertrude Rine,
Ruth Lyter,
Miss Krall,
Mary Rhinehart,
Rosa Fetterhoof,
Lulu Smith,
Margaret Rothrock.



Y. W. C. A. Literary.



God liketh patience. Souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing little things or resting quiet,
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight
As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see!
Our Savior cares for cheerful acquiescence
Rather than for a busy ministry.

"Measure thy life by loss and not by gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And he who suffers most has most to give."

The sun sinking behind the mountains as though gone forever will shine brightly on the following day, the stars subdued by the light of day twinkle again in the darkness of the night, the brooks silenced by an icy hand will dance and murmur under the sunny skies of June, the herbs and flowers which during winter suffer an apparent death, will bud and bloom when gentle breezes and summer skies again warm this old dead earth. It is not so with man—earth's haughtiest king. He lives his few short years and then goes to his tomb never to return. Were he ever to bear in mind the fact that lost opportunities are gone forever, that wasted time can never be regained, would he not strive for the highest and best,—the true life.

The true life demands the surrender of self and perfect obedience to a high and divine will. When this submission is complete there will not be a constant conflict between the emotions as to the right and wrong, but the standard being taken the whole life will be in harmony with that One who is Himself absolute perfection, truth and harmony.

The true life is one of service to our fellowmen. It need not consist in the doing of great deeds, that shall make us famous or give us prestige among men, but may consist in the giving of words of encouragement to the disheartened, of sympathy to the sorrowing, or sharing without the alloy envy in the joys and success of another. Such a life is as a beam of sunshine shedding pure light that warms cold hearts and therein causes the tender flowers of love and trust grow.

A true life brings as a reward joy, gladness, calm trustfulness and a sweet peace that no ll power can remove. Its possessor looks upon death not with dread, but as the beginning of one glad refrain which shall be echoed and re-echoed in the life that is to come.


MENTALIS ORDO ET MORALIS DIGNITAS
FAMA
CLIO
CLIONIAN
1859

Clio Roll.

F. W. Barry.....*President.*
W. I. Bingaman.....*Vice-President.*
W. E. Sunday.....*Secretary.*
J. W. Shaffer.....*Finan. Secretary.*
C. P. Swank.....*First Critic.*
U. A. Guss.....*Second Critic.*
J. M. Uber.....*Editor.*
Margaret Rothrock.....*Pianist.*
G. D. Clarke.....*Factotum.*

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

THEOLOGICAL.

M. L. Brownmiller,
L. M. Daubenspeck,
I. Z. Fenstermacher,
U. A. Guss,
E. M. Gearhart,
Charles Lambert,
J. A. Richter,
H. O. Reynolds,
L. P. Young.

COLLEGE.

SENIORS.

F. W. Barry,
C. P. Swank,

JUNIORS.

C. R. Allenbach,
G. D. Clarke,
Miss May Guss,
Clay Whitmoyer,
W. W. Young,
H. M Zimmerman.

Sophomores.



Miss Anna Beaver,
J. J. Henderson,
O. E. Sunday,
W. I. Bingaman,
B. H. Houseworth,
J. M. Uber,
T. B. Uber.

FRESHMEN.

Charles Geise.

SUB. FRESHMEN.

Miss Rosa Fetterhoof,
C. M. Myers,
W. E. Sunday,
R. E. Job,
Wm. Reinhart,
J. W. Shaffer,
Clyde Shaffer.

PREPARATORY DEPT.

J. A. Brosius,
G. E. Ettla,
R. P. Hall,
H. E. Holshoe,
P. H. Klick,
Miss Ada Lau,
J. P. Maus,
Miss Margaret Rothrock.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Miss Elizabeth Irving,
Miss Jessie Snyder.



Clio Hall

Clio History.



CLIO was the name given by the ancient Greeks to the muse of history. It is perhaps from this that our literary organization gets its name. But little matters it what its origin may have been, to us it is the λαυπων 'αστηρ of our college education.

If I were defining history, I should say that it is a methodical record of the thoughts, words and deeds of a people. Now in the light of this let us look over a year's doings in Clio.

The Easter vacation of '03 brought sunny faces to Clio's hall and evidenced not only the duty, but the pleasure and enjoyment, with which her members work. The most kindly feeling prevailed. Unity was her key note. She welcomed her visiting friends and by cordiality led them to feel the parental influences of Clio Hall. Soon came the days of harvest. Twenty-one glad faces joined our throng, and were bathing in the cool and refreshing waters of our literary work, while over them floated the "Old Gold and Purple."

With these circumstances and prospects rapid advancement was obvious. Nor was this simply a high tide, but has become a normal standard. Debating as well as general literary work has been considerably better and no signs of deterioration are apparent, but the opposite seems the fitting sequel.

The commencement season of 1903, the brightest in Susquehanna's career, was none the less prominent in Clio's annals. The informal and pleasant reception in Sibert Hall, stamped more firmly than ever, "Clio" on the feelings and sympathies of her members, ex-members and friends, as the number and actions of those present plainly indicated.

Another vacation only seemed to stimulate her literary vigor and determination at the opening of the scholastic year. Her friends seemed to increase, giving us voluntaries and general assistance. Sessions were changed to break the routine. All this added beyond proportion.

As to Clio's influence over the workings of the institution, such as athletics, prominent societies, religious movements and the like, I shall say little, save that she is by no means in the back-ground. Of her '03 Alumni she has produced those of whom we are proud.


Non festinato Non cesso
PHILO
'59

Philosophian Literary Society.

Motto:—"*Non Festinato Non Cessato.*"
Colors:—White and Blue.
R. Bergstresser.....*President.*
Edna Kline.....*Vice-President.*
Alice Breimeier.....*Secretary.*
G. G. Fox.....*Treasurer.*

CRITICS.

L. W. Walter, L. F. Gunderman.
Grace Jacobs.....*Editor.*
R. W. Showers.....*Assistant Editor.*
Martha Shollenberger.....*Pianist.*
W. L. Heffner.....*Monitor.*

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

THEOLOGIANS.

L. R. Haus, '05, R. Bergstresser, '06.
M. H. Fischer, '05, L. W. Walter, '06,
P. H. Pearson, '05 F. H. Schrader, '06,
W. L. Price, '05.

COLLEGIANS.

1904.

Katherine Focht, Alice Breimeier, L. F. Gunderman.

1905.

I D. App, Harry Weber.

1906

A. W. Frontz,
Foster Benfer,
Lulu Smith,
Marion Schoch.

Mary Miller

1907

Edna App,
Mary Burns,
W. K. Fleck,
G. G. Fox,
Grace Jacobs,
Edna Kline,
Martha Shollenberger,
Ralph Meek.

ACADEMICS

May Boyer,
Paul Enders,
Carrie Hilbish,
W. L. Heffner,
Ada Garinger,
George Wagenseller
Marie Snyder,
Mary Thompson,
F. G. Schoch,
Gertrude Rine.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Winifred Stephens.

COMMERCIAL

R. Haven,
Ruth Lyter,
Eva Mathews,
Robert Potter,
S. Stauffer,
W. Sholly.

Philo History.



ITH the steady, incessant passing of days and years, men and nations are making for themselves a history which they may view with satisfaction and pride, or upon which they must look with shame and regret. The same is true of organizations of less magnitude than nations. But, the history of any nation or organization is no better than the individual members are.

It is now almost half a century since the Philosophian Literary Society was called into existence. During those years her members have been so loyal as to enable her to attain to a high standard of merit, and as a consequence her history is one of which she is justly proud today.

But Philo is not only proud of her record. She looks back with pride upon her honored sons and daughters, who, after nobly standing by her, have gone out better fitted to battle with life's stern realities because of their allegiance to their beloved society. They have been amply recompensed for their devotion to Philo, for while they were proving their loyalty to her they were gaining in experience and ability and were developing their talent as they could have done in no other way.

We felt a tinge of sadness creep over us as we realized what a loss we sustained as several of our active members graduated from the College and Seminary to take hold upon the activities of life. But Philo lives and the work has fallen into the willing and faithful hands of those who will maintain the high standard of excellence to which she has attained, and we feel confident that those who have left us will ever look back with fondest memories upon the society which has done so much for their intellectual welfare.

During the past term our ranks were at least partially filled by a number of new members who cast their lots with us, and who are performing the work which has fallen upon their shoulders in a manner that not only reflects great credit upon Philo, but which shows talent and ability on the part of each one.

During the past year Philo Hall has been renovated and improved and now presents a most inviting appearance.

The programs have been of a very interesting character. The debate has been a specially interesting feature. The questions discussed have been timely, and the debaters entered into their work with a vim and determination that are pleasing.

The value of the debate is not to be overlooked. It is an exceptionally profitable experience because by means of it one not only accumulates, but remembers facts which otherwise would escape his notice. Then again, it prepares one for public speaking, besides being of value in many other ways.

But we must close. Perhaps our narration of facts may be uninteresting to the reader, but they have a part in Philo's history, and we must relate them.

Let us not be satisfied with past achievements, but let us ever maintain and even elevate the standard of our Society. Let each member perform his part, not in occasional spurts, but steadily and regularly, and success for Philo and intellectual advancement for the individual are inevitable. Let us go forward as our motto, "Non Festinate, Non Cessato" implies, and Philo's achievements will be unnumbered.



Philomatrian Literary.

AT a meeting of some of the more enthusiastic Captains, Managers, and Editors of the various departments of Susquehanna, the organization known as The Philomatrian Society came into being on the evening of the 10th of January 1901. The following is a list of the names of those who constituted the charter members. C. M. Nicholas, Prof. H. A. Allison, M. H. Fischer, H. D. Hoover, F. E. Shambaugh, L. P. Young, G. A. Livingstone, D. J. Snyder, Prof. Geo. E. Fisher, Ira. C. Schoch and E. R. Wingard. The following men were chosen as the first officers. President, C. M. Nicholas, Vice-President H. A. Allison; Secretary, M. H. Fischer; and Treasurer, H. D. Hoover.

The object of this society was indeed to fill a great need which had long been felt at the University. It was to promote the best interests of the institution by fostering a greater love for Alma Mater; by co-operating with all the existing organizations; by arousing and stimulating true college spirit and by animating her sons and daughters to more zeal in all her varied branches of activity.

This society is composed of Alumni and undergraduate students who have given marked evidences of having the welfare of the Institution at heart by effectively promoting her interests in whatever line it may be their privilege to labor.

The society, in order to create and foster an interest in literary work among the undergraduate students of the University, offers annually a literary prize amounting to ten dollars to that student of the College Department who contributes the best Literary production for publication in The Susquehanna and has already offered a prize for the best college song published in the Susquehanna. The society has also succeeded in establishing Inter-Collegiate Debates with Juniata College, the debates to be held at each college on alternate years.

The society is yet in its infancy. It has already served the institution well, and we trust that it will still continue its good work, and have better things in store for the University in the coming years.

Society of Natural Sciences.



OFFICERS.

PROF. GEO. FISHER.....*President.*
C. LAMBERT.....*Vice-President.*
E. GEARHART.....*Secretary.*
E. DIEHL.....*Treasurer.*
L. W. WALTER.....*Curator.*
L. GUNDERMAN.....*Cor. Secretary.*

MEMBERS.

PROF. GEO. E. FISHER,
GEO. SCHOCH,
HARRY WEIS,
SIGMUND WEIS,
L. P. YOUNG,
L. W. WALTER,
E. P. SONES,
EPH. M. GEARHART,
W. PRICE,
P. H. PEARSON,
U. A. GUSS,
M. L. BROWNMILLER,
J. RICHTER,
F. SCHRADER,
L. GUNDERMAN,
F. W. BARRY,
C. LAMBERT.

Susquehanna Musical Union.

MEMBERS.

SOPRANO.

Anna Beaver,
Grace E. Brown,
Mary E. Burns,
Martha E. Dimm,
Lillian Eisenhuth,
Ada Garinger,
Laura Gemberling,
Anna M. Guss,
Elizabeth Irwin,
Edna A. Kline,
Minnie L. Kline,
Clare Krall,
Ruth Lyter,
Verna Ludwig,
Eva I. Matthews,
Margaret Phillips,
Ruth Ramey,
Gertrude Rine,
Mary A. Rinehart,
Pauline Schoch,
Martha Shollenberger,
Marie Snyder,
Lulu Smith,
Mary S. Tompson,
Besse Ulrich,
Mrs. A. B. Wallize,
Miss Edith Wittmer,
Miss Rosa S. Fetteroof,
Miss Grace Jacobs,
Miss Margaret Rothrock,
Miss Anna K. Yutzy,
Mrs. Christine Yutzy.

ALTO.

Miss Anna Alleman,
Mrs. T. B. Birch,
Miss Katherine Focht,
Miss Lucie Houtz,
Miss Ada M. Lau,
Miss Bertha M. Meiser,
Miss Zoe Trench,
Miss Louisa Walters,
Miss Luella Werkheiser.

TENOR.

W. H. Able,
Lloyd W. Walter,
M. Hadwin Fisher,
Louis F. Gunderman,
Ernest Job,
C. A. Keeley,
John I. Maus,
Will G. Phillips,
Wm. H. Spiegelmyer,
O. E. Sunday,
Clay Whitmoyer.

BASS.

Claude R. Allenbach,
Fred. W. Barry,
George D. Clarke,
W. K. Fleck,
Charles P. Geise,
U. A. Guss,
R. E. Haven,
Emory C. Johnson,
H. D. Phillips,
W. W. Ridge,
Jos. W. Shaffer,
C. P. Swank.



Susquehanna Musical Union

The Susquehanna Musical Union.

E. Edwin Sheldon, Director.
Minnie Idella Starr, Pianist.
Margaret Rothrock, Assistant Pianist .

OFFICERS.

Clay Whitmoyer.....*President.*
F. W. Barry.....*Vice-President.*
Minnie L. Kline.....*Secretary.*
C. P. Swank.....*Treasurer.*
W. K. Fleck.....*Librarian.*

MEMBERS.

THE Susquehanna Musical Union was organized by Prof. E. E. Sheldon, among the students of of the University during the Fall term of the year 1903. Since the organization, a number of friends from the town, having musical talent, have joined the number, so that now we have sixty or more enrolled under the colors of the red and green.

The object of the Union is to rehearse and render classical oratorios, as Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and "Hear My Prayer." It purposes to stimulate a greater appreciation of and love for the best music. This is in every way a commendable object and well deserves the support of the students and friends of the University.

The Union also aims to develop the social life of its members by frequent receptions at which a pleasant evening is spent in an informal manner. At these we do not hear the familiar words "Attention" and "All eyes please" nor does the tapping of the pencil reduce the merry hum to silence.

The Union is yet in its infancy, but we predict for it a bright future. We believe that, through it the individual members will be benefited, the influence of the University widened and a higher standard of musical excellence established.



OFFICERS.

W. W. Young.....*President.*
C. H. Geise.....*Vice-President.*
A. W. Frontz.....*Secretary.*
W. I. Bingaman.....*Treasurer.*
Miss Clare Krall.....*Instructor.*

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M. H. Fischer,
George Fox,
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W. K. Fleck,
C. H. Geise,
W. W. Heim,
W. L. Price,
Marion Schoch,
O. E. Sunday,
C. P. Swank,
W. W. Wert,
Clay Whitmoyer,
W. W. Young.

Culture Club.

Culture.



CULTURE is that quality—which although its possession does not invariably imply greatness—without which no man can ever become truly great. In culture we find the language in which the biography of every person is written. There is no more important subject today which embodies more practical interest to people in general, than a good knowledge of the usages, rules and ceremonies of good society. Whether in the city or country; at home or abroad, a lack of this knowledge is felt by every individual. True culture is an expression of the heart and has its foundation in the laws of nature. Nature at all times is graceful; with all her art and glitter, fashion can never produce anything half so beautiful and pleasing. We can only reach the highest perfection of elegance by imitating nature. Culture is not an art requiring the study of a life-time; on the other hand its principles are simple and their practical application involves only ordinary care, tact and sagacity. Unless we know the art of culture there is no other conceivable way in which we can command the respect and influence of others essential to all our human designs, and in man there is so inherent a disposition to refer all they say and do to others, that upon the tide of the world's opinion floats the complacency of every human soul. In all the phases of our life we may find the uses of culture. We are not all equally civilized, through the lack of training some are scarcely better than savages. Yet where are those who do not want to put on the dress of civilization that they may be recognized as belonging to the guild of ladies and gentleman in the world? Culture determines the real character of an individual. It is the most valuable possession a person ever acquires. Without it he is poor, though he may have amassed a million dollars. The most abject pauper on earth is the one devoid of culture. Its attainments are within the reach of all who strive for it. Sad, very sad, indeed, is the life of the uncultured one. The great events of human society are to him but the confused whisperings of an unknown world.



SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY QUARTETTE.

C. R. Allenbach, Second Bass
Clay Whitmoyer, Second Tenor.
M. H. Fisher, First Tenor
E. Edwin Sheldon, First Bass.



Ladies String Instrument Club.

Officers of the Publisher's Association.



CHAS. LAMBERT.....*President.*

E. M. GEARHART.....*Vice-President.*

W. K. FLECK.....*Secretary.*

LLOYD WALTERS.....*Business Manager.*

IRA BINGAMAN,
MISS BEAVER. }*Assistant Bus. M'g'rs.*

MEMBERS OF THE STAFF.

FRED BARRY.....*Editor-in-Chief.*

GEORGE G. FOX.....*Managing Editor.*

CLAY WHITMOYER.....*Exchange Editor.*

CHAS. LAMBERT.....*Alumni Editor.*

T B UBER.....*Athletic Editor.*

FRANTZ.....*Locals and Personals.*

RHINEHART.....*Prep. Editor.*





Susquehanna Staff.



Cleaning Association.

THIS organization, known as the Cleaning Association, has been conspicuous for many years in that it had but one member, namely, "Pop" Schrader, sometimes known as "Jan". Faithfully and well has this lone member served the perpetual wants of the students. However, as Susquehanna's borders increased, it was found necessary to elect and initiate a second member.

During the vacation season this Association has entire control of the entire University interests and when the good-byes are all tearfully and mournfully said and the students return, the rooms are found to be renovated, the corridors pin clean, and the campus blooming like an Eden.

Though small, the Cleaning Association is extremely popular, for to its fidelity we look for heat, light, pleasant surroundings, and cleanliness.


ΦΡΑΤΣ.

Alpha Phi Alpha.



Colors:—Light Blue and Old Gold.

FRATRES IN SEMINARIO.

Chas. Lambert, Levi P. Young,
Lloyd M. Daubenspeck.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

A. W. Frontz, Foster C. Benfer,
Claude R. Allenbach, W. G. Rechel,
Ralph Meek, George Whitmer,
William Rhinehart.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Chas P. MacLaughlin, E. R. Wingard,
L. L. Iseman, Chas. Ruhl,
W. W. Spigelmeyer, J. Parker Harley,
W. R. Rohrbach, William Shindel,
C. B. Harman, H. D. Hoover,
Chas. M. Nicholas, J. E. Zimmerman,
Frank E. Shambaugh, H. M. Thompson,
Frank S. Wagenseller, Silas H. Schoch,
S. Bruce Burkhart, Edw. H. Diehl,
William W. Houtz, Ben. T. Phillips,
Lewis Roberts, W. D. Brown,
Miles Von Minnich, Clarence E. Toole.



ONE



Theta Nu Epsilon.



FRATRES IN URBE.

Frank S. Wagenseller,
George M. Mark,
George S. Schoch,
Silas H. Schoch,
John A. S. Schoch,
Wm. R. Rohbach,

FRATRES IN SEMINARIO.

E. M. Gearhart, Edgar R. Wingard, Charles Lambert.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

1904.

$K_2XoLffMhh_5C_2dV8$

1905.

Claude R. Allenbach, Isaac D. App, A. S. Hoch.

1906.

Benjamin H. Houseworth,
C. E. Tool,
Marion S. Schoch,
Archibald W. Frontz,
Ben. T. Phillips,
Miles P. Minnich.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

W. W. Spigelmeyer.


ΘNE


THESE HERE
THINGS
AN'
S'MORE
STUFF













"Scraps."

Sometimes we fight
But that's all right,
For brothers all are we;
We only test
Which one is best
In strength and strategy.

The test is made,
By rush and raid,
A pennant all the cause;
The class which gains
Its point and aims
Comes off amid applause.

When college days
Have gone their ways
We'll love to recollect
The time when we,
As students free,
Our pennant did protect.



The Hopes of the University.

Here are the hopes of future years,
Small children of our Faculty;
For Susquehanna have no fears,
All these will sometime members be.

Mary and Ralph, the Dean's fond hopes,
Will superintend, and Logic teach;
Harold and Charlotte, midgets yet,
Will some high place in Science reach.

There's George and Edwin, Birch's sons,
They'll keep the Latin language known,
While Dorothy A. and Evelyn
Will honor Homer on his throne.

Then Christine and shy Dorothy S.
Will see that bills are promptly paid,
So do not fear, for by these youths
Attainments rare will soon be made.



Students Arriving at Susquehanna.

They come from woody mountains,
 They come from distant hills,
They come from city places,
 They come from burgs and vills.

They come of every language,
 They come of every dress,
They come of every manner,
 And color, too, I guess.

In age and size they vary,
 As you may plainly see.
Yet kind S. U. receives them all
 To teach them men to be.

She puts them in the hopper,
 Then turns the crank awhile,
And, lo! behold! see the result,
 Wise men walk out in file.

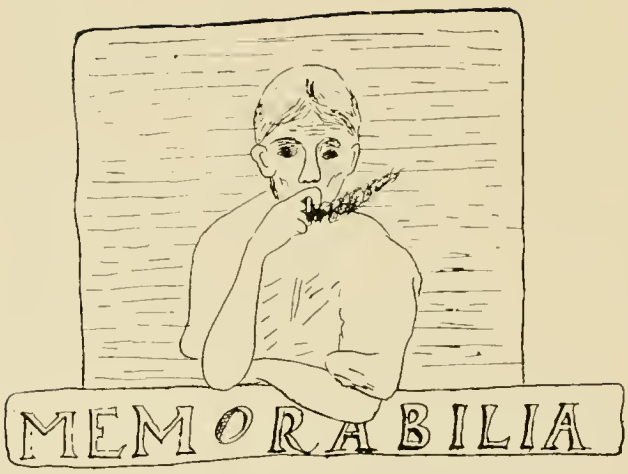


A Monologue.

IT was the thirty-first of October. 'Twas Hallo-ween. The night when all things spiritual are free and reign supreme. Holding high carnival with each other, and making right merry for a short season.

The scene that the quiz room, in the laboratory, presented on this particular night would have surprised the students of Susquehanna. Beelzebub had summoned the spirits together, and the spirit of old aunt Cindy had once more taken its accustomed place in her bony frame. Seated in the middle of the room with all the inmates of the place around her, she began: "Now I'se listened to each one of you all expose youah troubles, ann Ise heerd youse tell how powful tired youse are of de actions of dese hyah stewgents An now, Ise gwine ter say sumfin too how Ise ben 'bused an whut Ise hed to put up wiv. Heah Ise hed to stan in dis hyah cohnah, all fru de hot summah days while youse could set down on a shelf. An ebbery night, de mice plays tag up an down mah spinal column, an fru mah ribs, an golly, how it does tickle. How would youens lak dat, you spirits of $H_2 SO_4$, and $H N O_3$. When youse aint pleased, youse kin jump out an burn dese hyah white trash. Den Ise got to stan in front of a hull clas of gigglin boys an gals an hev de proffesah in Physimocology pound aroun mah bones an call em all sorts of outlannish names. An he ketches a hol of mah toes an hists mah foot ovah haid, jes tr show. dese hyah dummies how mah jints wuk.

But dat aint nuffin 'tall tr compah wiv one night las wintah Some of dose young debbils tuk me all apa't an wrapped me up in an ole hoss blanket, an toted me down ter de photograph gallery. An dar all aroun me was crowded some ten er a dozen young varmints. Jes 'magine me a habbin mah pictuah tookin in dat a way. Its a pow'ful shame, dat a spectable cullud lady, from de good ole souf, kaint be 'lowed to rest in peace an quietness, eben in her grabe. It jes do beat all de carryins on dat dese hyah,—Fo de Lawd! What was dat? Shos youah bo'n, its some of dem young debbils spookin 'roun dis hyah place arter some of dat alkerhol to git hylarious on, arter dey has drunk it. Scoot to youah places ebbery one of yous, befo' dey gets fru de back winder."



Memorabilia.



Susquehanna University founded (Missionary Institute)....1858
Selinsgrove Hall built.....1858
Gustavus Adolphus Hall built.....1894
Laboratory built.....1897
Seibert Memorial Hall dedicated.....December 11, 1902

Alumni Gymnasium built 1903
Clionian Literary Society founded 1859
Y. M. C. A. founded December 4, 1886
Glee Club organized 1898
Philosophian Literary Society founded 1859
Foot Ball Inaugurated October 22, 1892
Susquehanna Musical Union organized 1903
Base Ball inaugurated April 1898
Y. W. C. A. founded April 22, 1902
Mission Band organized February 1899
College Entrance Prize established 1902
First LANTHORN appeared 1896
Shakesperean Club organized 1899
Freshman Prize established March 1900
First Junior Oratorical Prize given 1895
Society of Natural Sciences organized February 4, 1898
Sophomore Prize established March 1900
Basket Ball inaugurated 1902
First Track team 1901
Conrad Weiser Prize first given February 1901
The Susquehanna first published 1891
Guinney Bible Prize established 1899
Latin Prize established June 1903

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Rev. Peter Born, A. M., D. D. 1858–1881
Rev. John B. Focht, A. M., D. D 1881–1882
Rev. Jonathan R. Dimm, A. M., D. D 1882-June 1894
Rev. F. P. Manhart, A. M., D. D. June 1894-December 1894
Rev. Jonathan R. Dimm, A. M., D. D. December 1894-June 1899
Rev. Chas. W. Heisler, A. M., D. D June 1899-June 1901
John I. Woodruff, A. M., Litt. D., Dean., Acting president 1901-1902
Rev. Geo. W. Enders, D. D 1902

EDITOR'S-IN-CHIEF OF SUSQUEHANNA.

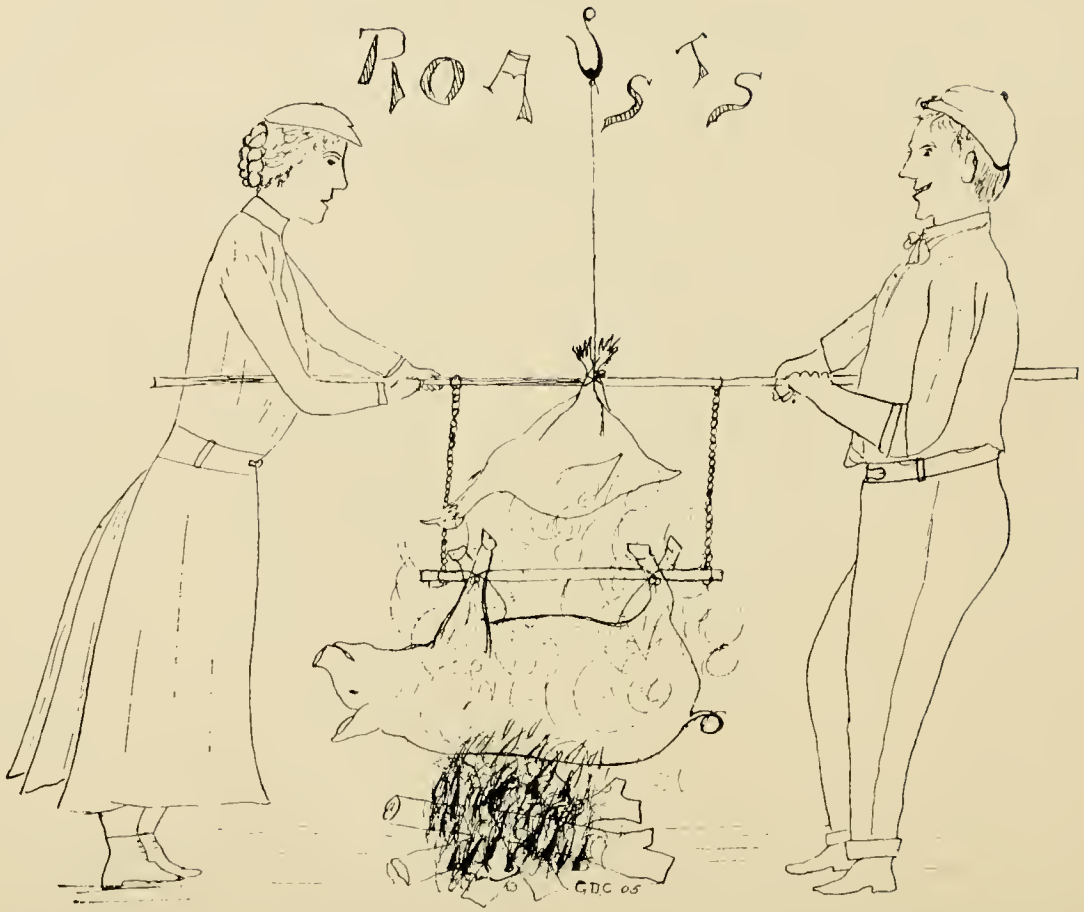
PROF. HOUTZ.....1895–1896
PROF. HOUTZ.....1896–1897
C. B. HARMAN.....1897–1898
C. B. HARMAN.....1898–1899
H. D. HOOVER.....1899–1900
H. D. HOOVER.....1900–1901
M. H. FISCHER.....1901–1902
CHAS. FRANK.....1902–1903
F. W. BARRY.....1903–1904

FORMER PRESIDENTS OF Y. M. C. A.

J. M. NEIFRET.....1886–1887
F. S. SHULTZ.....1887–1888
W. G. SLONAKER.....1888–1889
C. O. STREIBY, A. E. RENN. 1889–1890
C. A. STONECYPHER, GEO. GASS. 1890–1891
C. BASTIAN, J.B GUINEY 1891–1892
FASOLD, J. O. YODER. 1892–1893
W. F. BROGONIER, W. B. LAHR. 1893–1894
CHAS. STREAMER.....1894–1895
M. M. ALBECK.....1895–1896
BRUMGART.....1896–1897
HARMAN.....1897–1898
W. H. DERR.....1898–1899
HARVEY D. HOOVER.....1899–1900

Levi P. Young 1900–1901
M. Hadwin Fisher 1901–1902
Uriah A. Guss 1902–1903
Lloyd W. Walters 1903 1904




ROASTS
GDC 05



THE ITSKI-ALAGAZAMS

THE ROYAL AMERICANIZED AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION OF ROMANESQUE-PURGERINO KNOZINES.

MOTTO.

What one nose, we all nose, altho' some nose more than others nose.

OFFICERS.

Most Worshipful Main Itski.
Mlle. Clareeta Krall.
Royal Kasabo Alagazam. Worthy Noble Recorduvitz.
Count Lloyd Von Daubenspeck, Sir Reubey L. Waltyrze.
Grand Melodion Spieler.
Hon E. Edvart Sheldon.
Honoringk Mozenma Custodivok,
Yehudda Mary Esther Burnsovics,
Exalted Inner Portal Sentinel.
Squaw Minnehaha Kline
Regal Robe Train Bearers,
Zu Zu Lou Lou Schmidt,
Rabbi Rosie Weber.

FOLLOWERS OF THE ALAGAZAM BEAK.

Senorita Mariea Snyderalala,
Fraulein Gertrude Wurtsburger Rine,
Slumig Hui Ruthing Lytering,
Froken Ednah Klinesysk.

FOLLOWERS OF THE ITSKI BEAK.

Yiddisher Igkey Affski,
Slavok Georgek Foxkji,
Memba Sohib Cload Allenbacques,
Shiek Archiazzio Frantzalazio.

PLEDGED VICTIMS.

For the Itskis.	For the Alagazams.
Katrinna Focht,	Alivrey Bramblebrier,
Weely Fleck,	Arthie Dimmast,
Ednyah Appins,	Grazzie Yachobs,
W. Warden Heim Sweet Heim,	C. Wynks Myerze.





If He Did Not--Then Why?



CAST.

Handsome Archie the lamb. A. WILHELM FRONTZ.
Reube the lady attractor. VILLIAM VELLINGTON VERT.
Little Ray of Sunshine. THE ISLAND BELLE.
Trouble the dog. BY HIMSELF.

Scene I.

Archie (at 'phone): "Hello dearie, Anything doing for me tonight?"

Little Ray (at 'phone): "N-o, t-h-e-r-e-'s n-o-t-h-i-n-g d-o-i-n-g G-o-o-d B-y-e."

Archie (hanging up receiver): "Curse it! Ah but what care I?" (sings) "I am the gay Bandolero." (Exits L. U. E.)

Scene II.

A door bell is heard. Enter, Reube (all fussed up) Good evening, ladies. Do you think it will give a snow, or rain tonight yet.

Enter Little Ray, O-h, h-e-l-l-o V-e-r-t-i-e (goes to door) M-y b-u-t i-t-s c-o-l-d.

Reube (with arm about her waist): I guess it will make some snow before morning.

Little Ray (still at door): H-e-l-l-o Mr. S-o-n-e-s.

Reube Hello Ed, its quite icy dondt it.

Little Ray: Be c-a-r-e-f-u-lo V-e-r-t-i-e, D-o-n-'t l-e-t m-e f-a-l-l.

Reube coming down L.: Say, is this Tuesdays or Wednesdays, I don't know.

Little Ray: (closing door, and sitting at piano) D-i-d F-r-o-n-t-z s-a-y -a-n-y-t-h-i-n-g?

Reube (crossing to her): Yes. He said you would be sorry.

Little Ray: W-e-l-l I d-o-n-t c-a-r-e F-r-o-n-t-z k-n-o-w-s I d-o-n'-t s-i-t u-p w-i-t-h a-n-y o-n-e.

Enter Trouble, followed by Dad. Bow Wow Wow.

Exit Reube through window.

Quick Curtain.

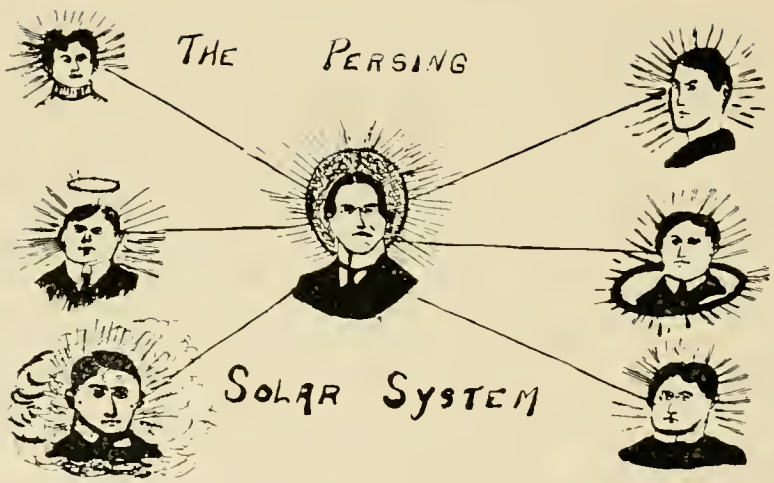


A Fragment.

(From Willy Fleck's maiden oration).

FURTHER, my dear hearers, this inexplicable, easily understood desire that rises in a man's soul and surges, finally arriving at the inaccessible part of his inner self, to arise, in gravitating cadences, from his present lofty state of valorous mediocrity, and become a a vascillating power in the strenuous activities of the inanimate world of today, proves incontrovertibly as well as most fallaciously, the existence of an imperishable duirnal divine spark. And it is only by desidios herculean efforts put forth emaciatedly in the resussitating and convalescing of this Ego that we men of superabundance of arebreal fluid can ever hope to disclaim or withstand the acrimonious multitude of non homeogenious wrecks, strewn so sparsely and miscellaneously along the restricted channel of animate being.

Just a word in concluding my pusillanimous panegeric. What a florid placid tranquilness will enshroud our precarious forms when we approach, through the Maelstrom, the infinitessmia expiration of our earthly careers. If we have swervingly and defagitably perniciously persisted in the evading of the fundamental syllogism of this mystic state of inanimate being. How dulcet will be the defrintion of our conspicuous labors when we can cry in stifled stentorian strains with Diana.—Excelsior! I have found it."



Sol Rast Swank.

The largest, most powerful, most conspicuous body, constituting the centre of the system. From this enormous disk all the other members of the system received their impetus and owe to it their existence. It radiates Hot Air at a rate of 42789614 atmohydrogeosopheres during a diurnal exposure. What was once thought to be disappearing spots, seen on its surface, has been discovered to be the expansion and contraction of its boundless surfacial opening.

MERCURIURUS SONTAG.

This satellite is nearest to the centre of the system, consequently, influenced most by it. Owing to the close proximity to Sol Rast, its appearance, as well as its composition, has not as yet been fully

ascertained. A thick mist generated from the surface of Sol envelopes it most of the time. The shape of its orbit is a gin rickey jag parabola.

VENUS UBER TOMKATT.

Not far removed from Mercuriurus is Venus. This also is known as an inferior planet, owing to its nearness to Sol Rast. It is like Mercuriurus in that it has no dependent satelites. It makes a diurnal revolution once every fourteen hours and thirteen minutes. Venus is drawn back and forth by the absorbing magnetic currents of Sol once every seven and a half months. Venus was discovered in the year 43 J. C. in the region of the historique Homer Stadt.

MARS BINGAMAN.

Mars is the most remote member of the first group in the system. Its most striking characteristic is that at one period of its annual revolution it comes into conjunction with the powerful energy of Sol Rast while at another period it is in opposition to it. Mars is noted for its hue of rosy red, caused by flocks of Cochineal Bugs swarming on its surface. Mars possesses two independent satelites, noted for their small size. The orbit of Mars is in the shape of an ecceutive paralellopipeogram.

JUPITERINEA HENDERSON.

This planettette is the nearest of the large planettettes, outside of the more insignificant planetrids, to the centre of this unique system. There is never any change of face, always appearing full. Jupe is noted for his rapid rotation. When farthest away from Sol Rast it produces powerful currents of electroperipetutics. Jupe revolves about Sol Rast semi periodically, when its financial strength is on the wobble.

SATURN SABBATH BILL.

The form of this satelite is noteworthy. There is a discussion current as to whether it is elliptical, or truly parenthetical. Its surface and all around is dense. This is caused by its farnearness

to the all dazzling rays of the source of all power and energy embodied in Sol Rast. There is a series of rings present near to its surface. These revolve about its circumference. They are more noticeable after the plane of Saturn's orbit has been influenced by an overmuchness of "pap". Sattie travels around the centre of this so different system once every bi-quarterly. And always in an uncertain sure regular changing orbit.

URANUS UBERJIMMIE.

Until recently the astronomers and wise guys in general, were in blissful ignorance as to the presence of this member of the Persing Circle. Its great distance from Sol causes it to be clothed in a perpetual state of dense and irregular nothingness. Its movement around the central body is very slow. Homer Stadt also claims the discovery as this so different inhabitant of the infiniteəssimial regions. The shae of its orbit is a simple exaggerated tornadic convectional oval ellipse.

Notable Stars and Plays Billed for the Mid-Winter Season.



At Selin Steddle Grand Opery Haouse.

DECEMBER.

15—M. Luther Brownmiller and Mary E. Haines, in a sumptuous revival of "Romeo and Juliet."

17—Lou Lou Smythe and Annette Beaver, in the everlasting "Two Orphans."

21—"The Earl of Pawtucket." With the versatile young comedian, Marion Schoch, as the Earl.

25—Grand Xmas Attraction. Mr. Josef Schaffer, in the powerful comedy drama, "The Little Outcast."

28—The inimitable comediennes, Misses Krall and Starr in the musical comedy, "The Chaperones."

JANUARY.

1—New Years Matinee and Night. Great star Trimuverate. Archie Frontz, Bobby Potter, and Miss Adah Garinger. Presenting Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals."

6—Engagement Extraordinary of the great tragedian, C. Percy Swank. "Leah the Forsaken." Mr. Swank will appear in his renowned portrayal of Rudolph on this occassion.

15—Mr. Levi Brighamme Young, in his celebrated lecture "Utah."

23—Three Little Maids. The latest London and New York musical comedy, with Misses Kattie Focht, Ednjah Kline and Ruthie Ramey.

27—Mr. Emerson Edwin Sheldon, in "The Sultan of Sulu." Positively but one performance.

31—Mr. Geo. Dalbey Clark and Miss Ruthe Lytere, in the "Mummy and the Humming Bird."

FEBRUARY.

3—The Handsome young heroic actor, Ralph Bergstresser. In the pastoral comedy, "Our New Minister."

7—The eccentric comedian, Lloyd M. Daubenspeck, supported by the statuesque beauty, Marie Miller, in the merry melange of mirth and melody, "The Runaways."

10—The rollicking soubrette Rosey Weber, in the three act comedy, "The Colorado Waif."

18—Grand scenic production of Shakespeare's divine tragedy, "Antony and Cleopatra." Mr. Frederic W. Barry as Antony, and Miss Grace Jacobs as Cleopatra.

21—Mr. Will Looney Price, in the screamingly funny farce, "Foxy Grandpa."

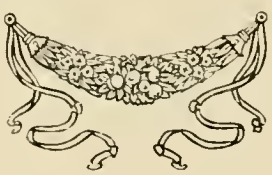
23—The popular actor Mr. Chas. Geise, in the dramative gem, in four acts, "The Volunteer Organist," assisted by the sweet varied children, Louis Gunderman and Harry Holshue.

26—The talented society actress, Marye Burns in her latest Kratzerville success, "Her Own Way."

27—Annual engagement of the local favorite Ambrose Laddy Smith, in the new melodrama, "The Man Who Dared.

28—Matinee and night. The lyric tenor, Ira Binganam supported by the coloreaturo soprano Mlle. Zoe Zoe Trench. And a select company of comic opera favorites including, Paul Enders, John Henderson, I. J. Uber, Gertrude Rine, Marie Snyder, Carrie Hillbish, and a chorus of one hundred, in a sumpturs production of "Babes In Toyland."

NOTE. If a sufficently large subscription can be raised, the management will arrange a date with the well known entertainer, Eph. M. Gearhart. Remit subscriptions to Pee Pee Kempfer, manager of trained animal tents. Salem, Pa.





THERE are many versions extant of the nursery rhyme about Mary and her little lamb. And undoubtedly most of you have heard just a few of them. Be it understood. This coniption fit of words is not meant to add one more version to the long list of frantic attempts at mildewed wit. And at the expense of our innocent friend Mary and her wooley pet. Nay, nay, our aim is loftier than any such frivolous waste of golden moments.

The import of this sketch is to serve as an introduction to the public gaze and notice of the three Freshman Marys endowed with marked lamb-like tendencies. For proof, we refer you to the Orange and Maroon Basket Ball Game. The centre-piece in the trio of verdant innocence and beauty is named Mary Grace. While on either side, are Mary Esther and Mary Edna.

The town of ancient pomp and grandeur, but now of decidedly corpselike appearance, known as Selins Steddle claims the distinction of being the scene of each one's nativity.

The three lamb-like Marys romped and gambled, in their more youthful days, along the banks of the dream[illegible]omantic, Susquehanna, the limpid, majestic, waters of the Cam[illegible] and the purling, rippling, sparkling, Penns Creek, respectively. When the days for coralling the bunch of green and unsophisticated freshies came around last Autumn, these three shy, retiring bits of charming femininity were numbered in the flock. Since that time, their days have been spent struggling with the complex problems of how to evade the machinations of the empty-craniumed Sophs. Do they pine for the days of their unrestrained freedom and pleasure? Ask them.




"HIAWATHA"
NO COMMENT
NECESSARY

Favorite Songs.



Milord Fischer:—
Anna Beaver:— } "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Lou Lou Smith:—"Every day will be Sunday bye and bye."

Freddy Barry:—"Isabella, Isabella."

Klare Krall:—"I'm the leader of the set called smart."

Marion Schoch:—"There are lots of things you never learn at school."

Ruth Lyter:—"I'm Tired.

Ben Houseworth:—"I'm on the water wagon now."

Edna Kline:—"Always in the way."

C. Perse Swank:—"My Rosary." (His own peculiar rendition.)

Margaret Rothrock:—"I love a big man."

"Bull" Frontz:—"Under the Annheuser Busch."

Katherine Focht:—"Won't you come and play with me."

Weelie Fleck:—"Would I were with thee every day and hour."

Zoe French:—"I wants to be an actor lady."

Arthie Dimm:—"Please go away and let me sleep."

Mary Miller:—"In Zanzibar."

Reube Wert:—"Remorse."

Adah Garringer:—"Congo love song."

Louis Gunderman:—"Eva Eevah."

Ada Lau:—"Yet I'm the same little girl."

Claude Allenbach:—"Money is the only language I can talk."

John Maus:—"Just a field "of new mown ha hay."



After Our Class Banquet.

I.

January twenty-second
The year was Nineteen-four;
Occasion, Our Class Banquet,
Flight, pleasure 'twas once more.
Our plans we formed quite well,
Arrangements all were made;
The Sophomores, their hopes fell
And they were quite dismayed.

II.

From Selins Grove we hastened,
We 'scaped the Sophomores,
And they with spirits chastened
Now suffer deep remorse.
They wanted us to tarry
In "Studentville" that night;
But we ourselves did carry
To scenes surpassing bright.

III.

At Selins Grove we boarded
The Pennsylvania train,
Such pleasure it afforded
That we escaped again!
South Danville soon we entered
And crossed the bridge to town;
For there our interest centered
Our victory there to crown.

IV.

At midnight, yes, at midnight
We did our feast surround,
And everywhere within sight
All good things did abound.
Professor Birch was present
And *Mr. Meek* was, too,
So now ye Sophies pleasant
Behold us, ah, yes, do!

An Episode.



THE hour was late. Aye, 'twas more than late. 'Twas early. The witching hour of midnight had already gone into the irrevocable region of the past. A more definite conception of the hour, oh gentle reader, mayhap, can be formed, when I say that Daubenspeck had returned from the fireside of her whom he lovest and waxeth eloquent about. Even Haus had tip toed his way through the corridor after being, for a season, in HER charming presence. Why was I not in the soothing embrace of Morpheus, ask you? Why? Because I was feverishly, frantically endeavoring to write a sermon for the recitation on the morrow. And finish it I would, even if the stars should grow pale, and the sun peep o'er the eastern hills 'ere I had finished it. For a flunk to me, Uriah Abey Guss, is worse than a dose of Barry's Juniper Tar.

Silence, in Gustavus Adolphus Hall, reigned supreme. Even the pattering footsteps of Brownmiller had ceased. A breeze had sprung up and light, feathery clouds had o'ercast the moon. A few drops of rain fell and spattered against the window pane.

The subject of my discourse was a rich one and my thoughts flowed on and on in an uninterrupted stream. It would be my masterpiece. One with which I would gain the favor of Dr. ——— along with the plaudits of my hearers. I had reached the conclusion and was drawing a rhetorical picture ne'er before equalled within the narrowing confines of Susquehanna. When, of a sudden, my attention was aroused by a mysterious sound. A sound inexplicable; the like I had ne'er heard before. I paused for a moment. It rose on the still night air again. I raised my head and listened. All was quiet and serene once more. I turned and resumed my work. When again, it broke in upon my ears, and this time with renewed force. It sounded like the rattling of musketry in action, then died away in falling cadences. I arose and looked out on the surrounding country. The rain was now falling fast, and the wind was moaning in a mournful key, like unto Willie Price when he

attempts to sing. Just as I was about to leave the window, the nerve racking sound rose above the howling of the wind. This time it sounded as if some person were in distress. I rushed to the window again, opened it and listened intently, but could hear nothing. Might it be some poor unfortunate out at the mercy of the tempest? Great Hevings! the thought was well nigh maddening. What should I do. There it was again, and this time it sounded high and clear above the fury of the storm. And yet again, this time it rolled forth with all the force of a pent up fire of a volcano. Shaking the building on its very foundations. And now dying away like the blasts of a mighty whirl-wind through some subterranean cavern. And yet again the fiendish, hissing, wheezing, rasping noise smites upon my ear. My heart beats fast, my brain whirls, my senses reel, my blood congeals with a hidden fear. Once again this fearful mocking sound grates upon my senses. My Gawd! 'Tis maddening. I turn and look towards the bed, resolving to awaken my hatchet-faced chum, for I could endure the strain no longer. When,—what a sight meets my eyes. There Lloyddie lay, with his foot flattened upon his nose, his fist in his cavernous facial opening, and snoring in a manner that threatened to turn his vocal chords out of doors at each successive snort. The mystery was explained, but no more work for your humble servant, Uriah Abey, on this night.





Grandma Clarke's Soliloquy.

THE night was bitter cold. The snow was falling fast and being piled in drifts by the wind that whistled and moaned, with demoniacal fury around the old farm house. A single light beamed forth from the kitchen window, shedding its rays across the fields, now being clutched in winter's unrelenting grasp. The scene that the interior of the old fashioned kitchen presented on that stormy night is one that appeals to those fortunate enough to be familiar with the rural districts. A bright fire crackled and burned in the huge fire-place lighting up the room with its cheerful glow. An old cat and her kittens rolled and played on a brightly colored rug before the fire. The old clock, in

the corner, had just struck the hour of nine. Aunt Cordelia Barry was drinking a dose of horehound and senna tea, and was greasing her face with tallow. For, be it known, Aunt Cordelia was loath to give up the ship, hoping still that someone might even yet pop the heart-fluttering question. Grandma Clarke was busy pouring some of Dr. Killem's Favorite Compound of Mandrake Bitters on some brown sugar, for she was suffering from an acute attack of the Pip. Aunt Cordelia lifted the latch, opened the stair door, took down the candle from the shelf, and having said good night, started up to her bed room. After the last groan and squeak of the steps had died away, Grandma Clarke replenished the fire, took her seat in the old arm chair and began to knit. As she sat and rocked to and fro, she began to muse aloud, as most old people, who are in their dotage, are wont. "Goodness me," she said, "What a change has come over folks. It aint like when I was young. We didn't know, in them times, nothin about pianner lessons, paintin, burnin figgers in wood and all sich flummeries. We put in our spare time a piecin quilts and makin useful things. We used to drive ten miles to church every Sunday. And we used to listen to sermons that lasted for two hours. Them was the kind of discourses that amounted to somethin. They was about hell fire and brim-stone. I don't go to church now no more, b'cause taint worth while gittin my black alpacca dress out the chest to hear the parson preach about love and heaven and sich like. Why, I swan to goodness, when I was a girl you wasn't nothin thought of if you couldn't span you waist—and I could span mine and had room to spare—and the girls with red cheeks didn't belong to the best sassiety circles atall. Them was the times you wasn't sposed to know nothin more than readin, writin, rithmetic and spellin. But now, my dear me suz, how its all changed. Why my favorite grandson Isaac Dunkle, who's off to college, wants me to allow him to play them awful ball games that they play. But, my dear me suz, if I didn't put my foot right down on that thing. But for all I can say, he does go in this place he calls the jim, can't see why tain't called by its proper name, James, and he pulls them chest weights, as if the good Lord wants us to be pulling scales around with our chests. He always talks about swingin dumb bells. Guess the reason he calls them dumb, is because they are some old cracked bells that don't make no much sound. And indian clubs, why

my dear me suz, I don't spect nothin else, he'll kill or scalp somebody with em yet before he's through. I never did like them Indians nor nothin that belonged to em. No use in talking, Isaac Dunkle does try my patience a heap. He's always havin me feel his muscles to see how hard they be. The poor child don't know that its makin him tough at the same time. And his face is as red as my flannel petticoat all the time. But, dear me suz, I don't spose its no use in reasonin with him. That's what they learn in them colleges nowadays."

"Well I vum, if I hain't run out of yarn." As she arises from her chair she looks at the clock. "Oh for lands sake! Its goin for 'leven o'clock. Guess I'll fix some peppiment and honey for this pesky cold."

After securing all the doors, fixing the fire for the night, this relic of a past age lifts the latch and after taking a final survey of the room to see if all is right, she slowly climbs the creaking stairs. And the silence of the room is only broken by the loud, regular ticking of the old clock that stands in the corner.



A Pipe Dream.



(From the memoirs of B. H. Houseworth M. S., Sc. D.)

IT was late in August, in the year 1915, that I landed in San Francisco. I was on my homeward journey after spending three years in the Phillipine Islands.

The night was all that could be desired. A cool, refreshing breeze was blowing in from the ocean and the stars blinked and twinkled in the clear summer sky. Having nothing particular to do, I secured a guide and together we started for Chinatown. Of which I had heard a great deal. After walking around through the crooked streets and seeing the sights for a while, we entered an opium den. My guide conversed with the almond eyed attendant for a few minutes, then turned and motioned for me to follow him. I did so, and soon was in a sumptuosly furnished room. All around each side of the apartment, luxurious couches were fitted up. The place was lighted with dull red, green, and blue shaded incandescent lights. In the centre, grouped around an electric fountain, from which multi-colored spray sparked and danced, were some eight or twelve geisha girls playing seducive dreamy melodies on strange looking stringed instruments. Scattered about the room, were large jardineres with burning punk in them. Imparting to the air a soporific odor. On the couches reclined men and women, all with the queer looking pipe by their side.

The guide touched me on the arm and said, pointing to a nearby couch, "listen to this poor devil." I looked and listened. That voice, where had I heard it before? That face, even in its pale and emaciated appearance, seemed familiar. I took a step nearer and looked again. I started back in my astonishment. I could hardly believe my senses. He turned his face towards me and opened his

eyes, which were sunken deep in his skull. Great Heavens! I could no longer doubt it! It was my little playmate, friend and classmate, Marion Schnurine Schoch.

I bent over him and asked him whether he knew me and how he happened to be in such a place. He looked dreamily at me, while an idiotic grin spread over his face, and said: "Why, sure, I know you. You're the Prince of Pilsen. Of course you discovered the milk mine in the Sahara Desert. That was when I was riding in the same balloon with the queen of Bavaria when the elephant broke his leg running through a hole in a porous plaster. I had a horrible time on that trip through Wildwood N. J. Just as I was swimming through the key hole, forty-five autos came over the transom. Oh, I'll tell you the queen of Bavaria is a wonderful friend of mine. I spent several hundred years with her. Took a bath twice a day in champagne, then smoked two or three million Turkish Trophy Cigarettes. Yes, and I always visited my livery stable every day. I owned the finest bunch of horses ever discovered in New Bloomfield since the queen of Bavaria bought the P. R. R. Yes indeed, I'm taking life easy. Tomorrow I expect to return from Monte Carlo. Me and the queen of Bavaria won fourteen million francs playing crap and roulette. Before we left Calcutta Roosevelt tendered us a farewell dinner. My, what a layout that was! Me and the queen of Bavaria drank them all under the table. We drank seven gallons of absinthe. Do you see that hundred karat diamond in my ear. The queen of Bavaria gave me that for jumping over Niagara Falls in a chariot drawn by sixty-five thousand camels. Tomorrow I discovered a money orchard. Nothing but five, ten, and twenty dollar gold pieces grow on the vines. My latest palace is nearing completion. Greatest thing between Sweet Hope and Winfield, it covers seven hundred and seventy acres and is ten thousand stories high. Instead of elevators I have air ships. The room where the queen of Bavaria keeps her pet canary and her six snow white angora cats is made out of a single ruby. The reception hall is composed of pearls and emeralds. And the floor is one big opal polished as smooth as glass. Me and the queen of Bavaria have just bought the pyramids. I'm going to ship them to Susquehanna University for building stone for the *new* college dormitory now nearing its yearly deferment. Did you notice this three hundred pound nugget of Radium I have for

a tie pin? Me and the queen of Bavaria have discovered the kind of bugs that yields Radium, and me and the queen of Bavaria are going ———."

But I had already heard too much. I arose and made my way out of the miserable place, hailed a cab and was soon back to my hotel, where I sat late into the night thinking of the dire consequences that must certainly follow the continued use of dope.





A Bevy of Normalite Beauties.



The Boozerine Quintette Talent.



Don Archibaldo di Frontz.....Cloudy Tenore.
(Favorite brand, Trimble).

Herr Gucki Von Vert.....Misty Tenore.
(Favorite brand, Peruna).

Mons Erique Le Toole.....Soli Bass.
(Favorite Brand, Hunter Rye).
Fra Guiseppe Witmer.....Subterranean Bass.
(Favorite Brand, Jockey Club).
Hassan Ben Ali Houseworth.....Ethereal Mezzi Sopranie.
(Favorite Brand, Golden Wedding).
Herr Johann Mause..Understudy for Don. Archibaldo and Herr Guicki.
Abdul Hassan Artherei Dimmitski.....Accompaniste.

SPECIMEN PROGRAM.

PARTI PRIMO.

1. Ave Don Fatale Boozerenni.....Cuspadoreo
Quintette.
2. Mein Liebste Schnauppes soli.....Annheuser Busch
Herr Gucki Von Vert.
3. Duetti Mio Dio Dulce Absinthette.....Gynn Phyzze·
Don de Frontz et M. le Toole.
4.—Chorous from Decem Bar Rooms Le Nuit....De Bunghole.
Quintette.

PARTI SECONDE.

1. Triolette. Les Spirites de Bacchus.....Moxie.
Fra Witmer, Herr Von Vert, Don di Frontz.
2. Soli. (a) Fur dich mein bier.....Schlitz Milwaukee.
(b) Vive le Champagnette.....Mlle. Pousse Cafe.
Hassan Ben Ali Houseworth.
3. Finale. Jolly Old Boys Are We.....Lemon Sour.

Note:—Program subject to change with the temperature and capacity.

Positively no encores.

Libretti Pour Piece de Resistance.

"We are five of a kind, Jolly Old Boys Are We.
High stand up collars, silk umbrellas,
Oh my ain't we fine;
We are five dandies, slicker than candies,
The people all say we are bum,
Wherever we go, they all shout HELLO.
Then its bye bye my honey, bye bye,
We've sung you our song, and we won't tarry long,
So its bye bye, my honey, bye bye.

MIDWINTER TOUR.

JANUARY.

20. Fishers Ferry.
25. Herndon.
28. McKee's Falls.
31. Selins Steddle. For three weeks at Keystone, National, First National and the American.

MARCH.

3. Kantz.
5. Freeburg.
7. Middleburg.
10—Dry Valley Cross Roads, Indian Territory.



Decrees of Dr. (?) Michael Fischer.

A flourish of trumpets (tin) is heard. Majestic strains of inspiring music issuing from the Seminary organ are borne upon the air. The angel choir, led by Pearson, Swank, Gunderman, Price and Haus, intones the Magnificat. Then all is still. Scarcely a breath is heard. The heavy draperies which hitherto obscured the throne from view are swept aside. There, in all his pomp and grandeur, appears Milord Mike. He arises, and all that vast assemblage (17684953 by actual count,) sink to their knees, chanting the Ora Pro Nobis. Milord Mike raises his hairy paw. And again, silence spreads over this mighty concourse, in large chunks. He opens his facial cavern and in a stentorian wheeze begins his proclamation.

Hark Ye! Hark Ye! Prostrate yourselves and chew dirt before my royal and unearthly presence. Incline thine ears, oh ye of the common herd, to the mandates prepared by me. By which, ye of the lowly born, will, in the future, be governed.

DECREES.

1. My gymnasium will be open when I see fit to expose its interior to the gaze of the vulgi. At times when I am busy attending to the strenuous duties which devolve upon one so mighty in other parts of my realm, the doors will be sealed.

2. I, in all the beauty of my prefect physical development, will be on exhibition every second Tuesday and Thursday in the week. At which times, my books and photographs, containing the secret of my marvellous muscular power, will be on sale in the lobby.

3. On entering the sacred portals of my gymnasium, oh ye of common rabble, stand erect, and give the latest and approved canadian salute.

4. On leaving my gymnasium, oh ye of vulgar blood, approach my ideal person, and imprint a kiss upon my great toe, as a fitting mark of obesiance.

5. In the performance of the more intricate stunts, put forth your very best efforts. Ever keeping before you, Myself and Perfection. Do not, by word, deed or look inquire why I do not give a demonstration of each of these required stunts. But do as I command. Remember, my superior muscles are not for use, but for admiration.

6. By no means will any suggestions be countenanced. I am IT, and do all the thinking. No new ideas or improvements will be allowed.

7. Be this law thoroughly understood. When the ewe lambs of the flock are gamboling and romping in the refining pastime of Basket Ball, no audience will be admitted. Except by an royal passport.

8. The angelic children, from three to nine years inclusive, are allowed the innocent pastime of turning on the hot water in the baths. Cold water is for you of sterner age.

9. Should any of you dislocate joints, break bones, fracture skulls, or any other trivial disturbances, take place, remember to rid my august personage of your obnoxious presence. The undertakers and doctors at least, will be glad should any more serious results arise.

The penalty for transgressing any of the above canons, either wholly or in part, by intent or ignorance, will be eternal banishment from the borders of my realm.

Nunc discedete in pace.





I.

There! little Fresh; don't cry!
'Twas pleasant at home, I know,
And your path was strewn
With the hope that soon
Will seemed transformed to woe,
But Mamma can not be always nigh—
There! little Fresh; don't cry!

II.

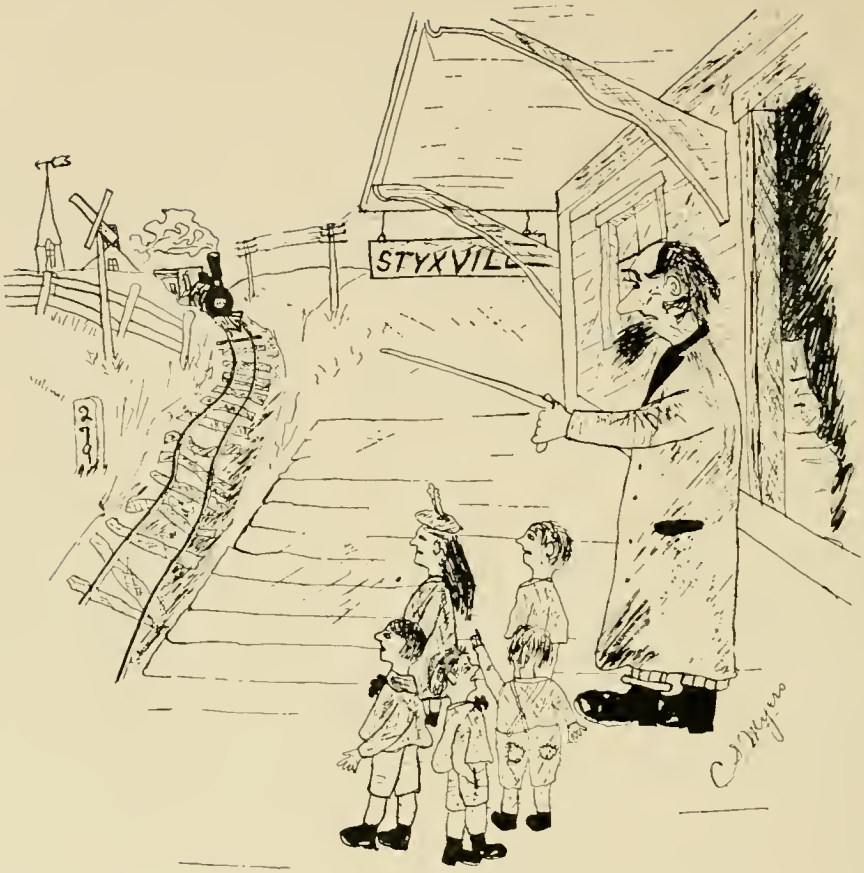
There! little Fresh; don't cry!
They've broken your hat, I know,
And taken your ball
And nearly all
Of the things you treasured so;
But Sophs and rushes will soon pass by—
There! little Fresh! don't cry.

III.

There! little Fresh! don't cry,
They've cut off your hair, I know,
And your face I ween
Has been painted green
By the Sophs, who are course and low,
But naughty hazing will soon pass by—
There! little Fresh; don't cry!

IV.

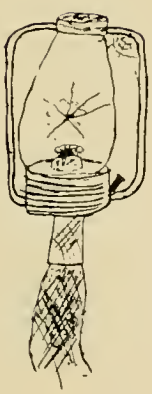
There! little Fresh; don't cry!
They've done all they could, you know,
But the ghastly fear
Of the Freshman year
Will soon be a misty woe
And it'll be your turn bye and bye
Then you'll be a Soph, O My!



An Excursion With the Miffiffi Favava.

AT last, my little dears, we have reached Styxville. No, this ancient building is not Noah's Ark. Nor is it the cottage where Adam and Eve first went to housekeeping. Yes, children, it is the Styx Ville station. How did you guess it. Over yonder, beyond this grave yard, to your left, lies Styx Ville, the Peaceful. A long, long time ago, before you were even born, when I was but a youngster, Styx Ville was quite some of a place. But for the past thirty-seven years Styx Ville has ceased to be for outsiders, excepting, of course, the meagre few deluded young men and women who pay twenty-one cents to cross the river bridge and attend Susquehanna. Soon after the railroad was put through this dumb, dutch and dubious valley, the canal was abandoned. And each succeeding year witnesses the abandonment of everything that resembles progress or activity. What kind of people live here, did you ask? They are very mild, harmless, and very friendly as long as you do not suggest anything new to them. If you are ready, we will wend our way through the town, even unto the repository for derelict brains, known in the quarterly bulletin as Susquehanna. A word of warning would your guide, the Miffiffi Favava, give to you, my innocent little ones, and that is, keep close to me and do not ask any questions. Because you might disturb the natives of the town from their slumbers, causing them to think and thinking is held to be a crime in Styx Ville. This, my loving lambs, is Susquehanna. Observe closely all the things of interest that I will direct your attention to and you will become much wiser than you now are, and mayhap as wise as Lene Gunderman, Smarty Frontz, Dippy Gearhart, and the Boy Orator.

The Electric Light.



Here at the entrance to the Beautiful Campus you will notice the latest improved Electric Light. This light, children, was looked for, longed for, waited for, ever since Uncle Adam Warner opened the Seibert Hall Beanery. Is it not a Thing of Beauty? Note how soft and mellow are its Beams. How it sheds its rays up and down the Broad Avenues. Altho', on moonlight nights the Power is turned off and Fair Luna is given full sway. At the same time, my dears, a very Practical lesson in Economics is taught.

The Athlete.



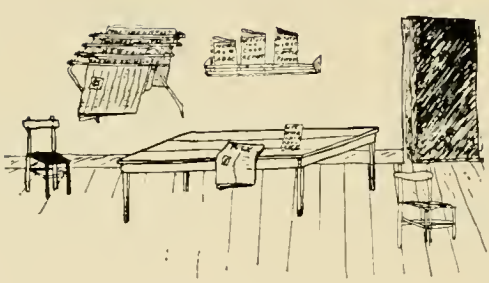
Why do you cluster about me so closely dear children? Ah I see. 'Tis the Athlete that startles you. You need have no Fears, he is not so Ferocious as he appears on first Exposure. Many Moons agone the Athlete was an Unknown Quantity. But of late years he has become quite Numerous. How would you like to lead the heart whole and fancy free Existence of The Athlete. He attends Chapel once a week, Dabbles in Stenography, Book Keeping, and is Present at the training table thrice daily. His Long Suit is wearing an orange S on a maroon sweater, and Posing as the only Model of Apollo extant. His Spare Time might be spent serving Congealed H_2O or mixing Prescriptions behind some Bar. Ah the Joys of the Gay life of the Athlete are Many. Yea, Verily.

The Registrar.



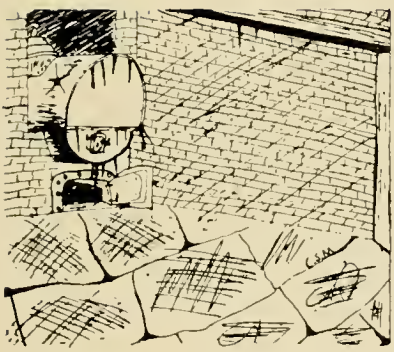
Now turn your gaze ont his side. Why does yonder Man expose his Hairless Head to the beating rays of the summer sun? Why does he have the Expression of one who is on the Scent of a Blind Trail? Why is there such a Pathetic droop to those Doe-like Orbs? Why are his long, lean Bread Grabbers so nervously twitching? Why does he open the Ponderous Tome and Gaze sadly, yet caressingly, from time to time, at the long column of figures? Why does he Start and a Smile of seraphic loveliness o'erspread his seamed and furrowed countenance, bringing back, for the Instant, much of his Youthful Beauty. Give an attentive ear and Drop a Tear of sympathy, by the wayside, as you pass by. For, my loves, He is the Registrar. He is Fondly hoping that some Delinquent Student will Visit him, and Whack up.

The Reading Room.



Nay, nay your innocent little Pearly feet are not allowed to enter here. You must be satisfied to Gather only on the Threshold of this chamber. This is where the Student resorts and fills his Mind with the Current News of the day. In this room he has the Opportunity of Scanning the pages of the Schneider County Blatter, the Middleburg Tie Post, Hoods Family Almanac, Our Dumb Animals, subscribed for especially for the Freshmen, Ferry's 1904 Seed Catalog, together with Numerous other Periodicals of like nature, all of Untold value. Here also, to the Love Lorn, Heart Battered young men and women is offered the Opportunity of meeting each other's Souls Adored and holding hands under the Friendly cover of a newspaper while unspoken words of Trust, Love and Tenderest Affection are flashed to and from Expressive Eyes. This Opportunity is Greedily grasped and the Time made good by Many. Truly the Reading Room is a Large Boon.

The Heat Plant.



Now my Dear Children let us Wend our way down into the very Bowels of the earth even to the Heat Plant. Here, we have a Relic of great value. Let me Impress it upon your youthful Minds, children, that this is the Only and Original boiler, taken from The Santa Maria, the Flag Ship of Christopher Columbus, when he Landed on the shores of Sunbury. Mark the Icicles that Adorn the Surface of this Ancient work of Art. How they Resemble Niagara Falls in Winter. How, you ask, do the Inmates of the Dormitories, which are Strictly up to date, Fitted with all Modern Improvements, and Luxuriously Furnished, escape Cold Feet, and being Converted into Stiffs? Do they not part with a Portion of their Filthy Lucre, Mozenmas, Geldt, for a few feet of Steam Heated Atmosphere? Alas! They do. Then why do they not receive it? Woe is me. Such Queries, my Innocent Dears, are beyond the Vision of understanding of the Miffiffi Favava.

The Sphinx.



What have we here before us? 'Tis the Sphinx. Surely you have seen the Sphinx before. No? Then 'tis passing Strange. He wanders over this Fair district even to the outside Limits of the Sour Krout Lands. And in his Own Original way, he pours into the Overflowing Coffers of S. U., Peppermints, Spear Mints and Calamints of Cold Symoleons. Besides all these Wonderful Accomplishments, the Walls of Selins Steddle Hall are on the Bulge on account of the Stalls being Overcrowded. Due to his Superior Ability in Coralling the Massive Intellects that Roam wild and unrestricted in the Wide Open Country. True to his Name, his Presence and Influence is very Soothing, and his Method is akin to the Summer Fly that disports itself on the Bald Head of an Old Rounder. Pee Pee thy Work is indeed Great.

The Bath Room.



Here, girls and boys, we have the last Sad remains of the Erstwhile Bath Room of the College Student. In this Place for many years the Student played Solitaire Freeze Out, with the asistance of a Hose and unlimited Gushings of Ice Cold Water. Now, all this is Changed. For be it known, the new Gym is at last a Reality. And the new Baths will Surpass many, and will Compare very favorably with any in the State. Does the College Student appreciate the Change? For proof, ask some of that Brand of Human Being who have their Meals served in the Needle Bath. Truly, Susquehanna can get Chesty and Talk Bold and Brassy about the Alumni Gymnasium.

The Freshman.



Up to this time, my Guileless companions, we have made Mention of the College Student. Now we will Examine him from a nearer Point of Vantage. I do not Blame you for looking with Wide Open Eyed Wonder at this Enigmatic Object. He is the proud possessor of More Fancied Knowledge and has more Side than a young Maiden who is Able to insert a size Eight foot into a Seven and a Half shoe. Do not be Alarmed, It is only a Freshman. He has just Arrived, after being Home for a week. His Apparel is chosen for its Loud Tone and Proof of a Total Absence of Gray Matter. He wears very long Hair and Swings a cane. He also has a Large Idea of how Rare a Bird he really is. In his Estimation, he is brimming full and running over with Heat Units. His is a Pitiable condition, at Best, but woe to him in his present Outfit—if a Soph should Behold him in all his Glory. He is a Necessary Evil. But we make Votive offerings of Thanksgiving that we are Not of his Kind.

The Sophomore.



This Pattern of Boorish Overgrown Undeveloped Masculinity is a Sophomore. Some Wise old Authority stated that this Model of Up-to-the-Minute Being stood for a Wise Fool. His actions are Proof Sufficient. This type of Conceit in its Entirety fondly Imagines his Class to be the One and Only that ever entered the Portals of Alma Mater. His Idea of being It is to Play Poker, Drink Hops, Guy the Poor Freshmen, and to Deal out Hot Air to the Mild and Patient Faculty. His awakening will be Sad, but nevertheless Real when he passes from his present State of Puffed Notion to the more Refined and Sensible stage of Mental Development.

The Junior.



It gives the Miffif great Pleasure at this Junction of our Trip to introduce this Elegant and Gifted Young Disciple of Minerva. Behold in him a Junior. Despite his innocent appearance he is a Crusher of Youthful and Handsome Ladies' Hearts. At least, so he Imagines himself to be, and he does not Worry or shed Salty Weeps if the Ladies do not Share the same Opinion. He is Past Master in the Art of Dress, and is Authority Par Excellence on all things Cultured. He looks at life as if through a Roseate Hued veil and sees nothing but Pleasure and Enjoyment in store for him. There will come a Time when the Junior will view Affairs of this Mundane Sphere in their Real True Light. Then he will exclaim, All is Vanity, but as long as his dream Continues and he is Happy, why should his Eves be Opened.

The Senior.



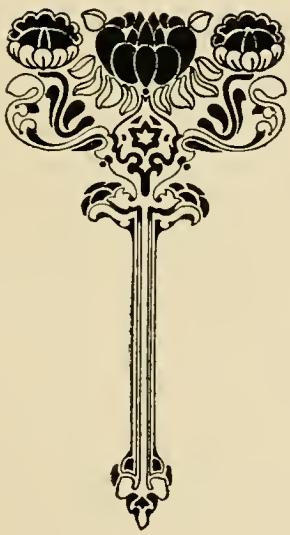
At last! This is It! Now my dears, for the first Time, you see before you the Upperclassman Supreme and Full Fledged. The Senior! In him you Witness the Embodiment of all Real Glory and Brains plus Might and Fully Developed Strength. Has he not Solomon and all his Ilk beat a Mile for Senior Pure Wisdom? Is not the Great, Throbbing World, even Out beyond the Confines of Styx Ville, awaiting his Coming with Expectation, equalled only by that of a Love Smit young Damsel, ready to Place him in the Front Rank? A glance a that Knotty Head and those Herculean shoulders is enough to satisfy the most Skeptical. His Bearing bespeaks Dignity of the Veriest Sort. His superiority Worries him. The delay Weighs heavily upon his Spirit. He restrains himself with Great Effort, for he longs to get Out and Do Things as well as Do People. Is there a Surprise Awaiting him? It hath Always been Thus. In a Twelvemonth he is very Liable to be Driving a Hack down in Dead Dog Arizona, or he Might become a Spieler in a Mid Way Concession. After he has Ceased to Wonder from Whence came all the Things Not Known to Him and how Good he must be to Make $10 per., then He will Settle down on Solid Terra Firma. And some Day he Might amount to Quite Something. It is to be Hoped.



Susquehanna in 1918:

Boys and girls, the Miffif cannot answer Impossible questions. What Susquehanna will be in 1918 remains for you to See for yourselves. There will be Great changes around the Place by that Time There is no Doubt but that you will Still find Billy Price, Paully Enders, and Hank Johnson somewhere around the Buildings. If Things are Conducted on the same Track as Now there will be a Normal Factory, where Ready Made Teachers will be Turned Out by the Bale. The Conservatory of Music will Surely have its own Building at that Time. Proffy Sheldon, altho' Some older, will Guard over his Flock as now, and will Wear The Smile That Won't Come Off. The Commercial Department will occupy quarters especially Designed by Prof. Smith. Wherein Business

will be Taught on the Principle of Gett, Grabb and Company. The College, did you Say? That is a Question that is utterly Beyond the Miffif to answer. Should The Powers That Be follow up on the same Tack as they now seem to be Hauling, there will be a college About the Same as at Present. Now then, into this Air Ship ever one of you, and Soon we will be Back to Home Sweet Home and Dear old Kratzerville.



HAPPENINGS

Selinsgrove Opera House,

Saturday Evening, May 9, 1903.

THE STROLLERS IN "WAY DOWN EAST."

CHARACTERS.

Squire Amassa Bartlett MR. FRITZ,
David Bartlett MR. WINGARD,
Prof. Sterling MR. DERR,
Lenox Sanderson MR. SCHEESE,
Reube Whipple MR. WALTERS,
Dr. Wiggins MR. FLECK,
Seth Holcomb MR. HENDERSON,
Hank MR. FRONTZ,
Eben MR. FISCHER,

Hi Holler MR. YOUNG,
Louisa Bartlett MISS SMITH,
Martha Perkins MISS WAGENSELLER,
Kate Brewster MISS POTTER,
Anna Moore MISS PHILLIPS,
Berry Pickers, Work Hands, Village Choir, etc., etc. } Misses Snyder, Focht, Miller, Kantner Gemberling; Messrs. Whitmoyer, Fischer, Witmer, Phillips, Minnich.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Door Yard of Squire Bartlett's Farm in Summer.

ACT II.—A Winter's Evening eight months later, in the settin room of the Squire's house.

ACT III.—Kitchen of the same, next evening.

ACT IV.—A Sugar Shack, in a Maple forest, early next morning.

Regulation "S" Meeting.

College Chapel, Nov. 24, 1904.

Rev. J. B. Focht, D. D.....Presentation Address.

The Varsity "S" was given as a token of honor to the following men.

For Foot Ball.

Whitmoyer, Bingaman, Pearson, Swank, Benufer, Herman Witmer, Geise, Shaffer, Maus.

For Base Ball.

Roberts, Frank, Hoch, Weis, Wagenseller, Reynolds.

For Basket Ball.

Whitmoyer, Roberts, Sholly, Camerer.

For Track Work.

Gearhart, Bingaman, Latcha, Pearson, Witmer, Fleck.

College Songs and Yells.

Graduating Exercises of the Commercial Department of Susquehanna University.

June 11th, 1903.

PROGRAMME.

Music.....The Man of the Moment.....*Swope.*

PRAYER.

Music.....Waltz Blue.....*Margis.*

ADDRESS TO THE CLASS.

Mr. George B. Reimensnyder, Esq.....Sunbury, Pa

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

Music.....Uncle Josh in Town.....*Whitney.*

BENEDICTION.

Music.....The Horse Marines.....*Allen.*

CLASS ROLL.

BUSINESS COURSE.

WILSON D. BROWN,
MARTHA DIMM,
H. E. FETTEROLF,
*ELIZABETH FISHER,
GRACE MACHETTE,
GEORGE W. MEASE,
GEORGE S. SCHOCH,
ADA SNYDER,
*JENNIE L. SNYDER,
WINIFRED STEVENS,

STENOGRAPHY.

ADA SNYDER,
*JENNIE L. SNYDER,
WINIFRED STEVENS,
SADIE WHITMER.

*Absent.

Clio Reception.

CLIO RECEPTION.

June 15, 9:00 P. M.

Seibert Memorial Hall.

PROF. YETTER, Bloomsburg.....Bass Solo.
MISS CARRIE KLINE, Sunbury, Pa.....Soprano Solo.
MR. RAY F. WENDELL, Sunbury, Pa.....Cello Solo.
PROF. YETTER.....Bass Solo.
MR. WENDELL.....Cello Solo.
MISS ADA MOYER, Philadelphia, Pa.....Piano Solo.
Reception and Music by Clio Orchestra.

PHILO RECEPTION.

9:00 P. M. June 15.

Selinsgrove Opera House.

MRS. R. L. SCHROYER.....Soprano Solo.
MISS PAULINE BARRETT.....Reading.
MISS MARGARET ARBOGAST.....Soprano Solo.
MISS GRACE BROWN.....Piano Solo.
Reception and Music by Reitmyer's Orchestra, of Lewisburg, Pa.

PROGRAMME.

The Conrad Weiser Chapter,

Historical Prize Contest.

Established by the

Daughters of the American Revolution.

Seibert Hall, February 22, 1904.

REV. J. B. FOCHT, D. D.....Invocation.
REV. J. DIMM, D. D.....Prologue.
S. U. ORCHESTRA.....Music.
FRED. W. BARRY, "The Birth of American Liberty".....Essay.
LEWIS F. GUNDERMAN, "Midnight of the Revolution".....Essay.
S. U. ORCHESTRA.....Music.
Decision of the Judges—Prize awarded to L. F. Gunderman.

Song—"America."

Graduating Exercises of the Preparatory Department of Susquehanna University.

June 13th, 1903.



PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

Galloping Jasper.....*Trinkaus.*

PRAYER.

ORATION.

Duties of the American Citizen.....HERBERT S. GARNES.

ORATION.

George Washington.....LOUIS V. WILLIAMS.

MUSIC.

My Lady Love Waltzes.....*Rosey.*

ORATION.

The Perpetual Demand.....SAMUEL E. SMITH.

ORATION.

The Ideal American.....LLOYD C. KEEFER.

MUSIC.

Coontown Chimes.....*Webster.*

ADDRESS TO THE CLASS.

BRUCE A. METZGER, A. M., ESQ.....Philadelphia, Pa.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

BENEDICTION.

MUSIC.

Right of Way.....*Casey*

Junior Oratorical Contest, Susquehanna University.

June 15th, 1903

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

The High Roller.....*Allen.*

PRAYER.

*ORATION.

The Development of the Anglo-Saxon....FREDERICK WM. BARRY

ORATION.

William McKinley.....ALICE W. BREIMEIER.

ORATION.

With Your Shield or Upon It.....CALVIN P. SWANK.

ORATION.

Is American Chivalry Declining.....KATHERINE FOCHT.

MUSIC.

Creepy Creeps.

ORATION.

The Law of Self-Sacrifice.....LOUIS F. GUNDERMAN

MUSIC.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRIZE.

BENEDICTION.

MUSIC.

The Elephant Promenade.....*Saunders.*

*Excused from speaking at his own request.
Prize awarded to CALVIN P. SWANK,
Honorable Mention of KATHERINE FOCHT.

Commencement of the Theological Department.

The Sentry.....*Hoskins.*
Prayer.....Dr. Dimm.

Oration.

Organic Christian Unity.....Rev. William Herbert Derr.

Oration.

The Institutional Church.....Rev. George W. Fritsch.

Oration.

The Pulpit in Modern Life.....Rev. Daniel J. Snyder.

Music.

Mr. Pickwick.....*Kline.*

Address to the Class.

Rev. Wm. Dolbeer.....Belleville, Pa.

Trio.

Atilla, Verdi.....Krall, Fischer, Allenbach.

Presentation of Diplomas.

Benediction.

Music.

Hong Kong March.....*Snyder.*

(Rev. Charles P. McLaughlin, non-resident graduate, excused from speaking).

PIANO AND SONG RECITAL

BY

Miss Grace Evlyn Brown,

Tuesday Evening, June 9, 1903,

Accompanist—Director.....Miss Krall.

PROGRAMME.

Valse de Concert op 3—No. 1.....*Wienawski.*
Sonata op 78.....*L. Von Beethoven.*
At Sea.....*Vannah.*
If I Were a Bird.....*Henselt.*
(a) *Les Deux Alouttes*—(Two Larks).....*Leschetizky.*
(b) Love Song.....*Nevin.*
Serenade.....*H W. Petrie.*
Concerto, op 25.....*Mendetsshon.*
Orchestra score by.....Miss Clare Krall, Director.

Eighth Annual Commencement.

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY.

Selinsgrove, Pa.

At 10 O'Clock Wednesday, June 17, 1903.

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

The Commander.....*Salzer.*

PRAYER.

OVERTURE.

The Climax.....*Wm. C. O'Hare.*

ORATION.

Salutatory.....FRANK S. WAGENSELLER.

ORATION.

Moral Progress under Christianity....FREDERICK H. SCHRADER, Jr.

ORATION.

Unnoticed Royalty.....LLOYD W. WALTER.

MUSIC.

Katie My Southern Rose.....*Edwards.*

ORATION.

The Young Man.....SIGMUND WEIS.

ORATION.

Man's Free Will.....EDWARD M. MORGAN.

ORATION.

Valedictory.....CHARLES O. FRANK.

MUSIC.

The Wizard of Oz.....*Tietjens.*

ADDRESS TO THE CLASS.

JAMES SCARLET, ESQ.....Danville, Pa.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

AWARDING OF PRIZES.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

MUSIC.

My Own United States.....*Edwards.*

Honors and Prizes.



Senior Class Honors.

Summa Cum Honore.

E. M. Morgan, F. H. Schrader, Jr
C. O. Frank, Sigmund Weis,
L. W. Walter.

Magna Cum Honore.

F. S. Wagenseller, E. P. Sones

Cum Honore.

L. M. Daubenspeck, Fanny M. Jacobs.

SENIOR PRIZE—*Taggart Latin Prize.*
Fanny M Jacobs

SENIOR PRIZE—*The Conrad Weiser Prize in History.*
E. M. Gerhart, with honorable mention of Fanny M. Jacobs.

The Hare Junior Oratorical Prize.
Calvin P. Swank, with honorable mention of Katherine Focht.

The Sophomore Prize for Highest Average.
W. H. Kempfer, with honorable mention of Clay Whitmoyer

The Guinney Bible Prize.
Clay Whitmoyer, with honorable mention of J. C. Showers and W. H. Kempfer.

The Freshman Prize for Highest Average.
I. W. Bingaman

The College Entrance Prize for Highest Average.
S. E. Smith.

The Philomatrian Prize for Best Essay.
Not Decided.

Junior Commencement Exercises, 1904.

Seibert Memorial Hall, Department of Music.

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY.

Selin's Grove, Pa.

Director.....Miss Clare Krall.

Monday Afternoon, June 15, 1904, at 1.30 O'Clock.

PROGRAMME.

Chorus.

Moonlight Sonata.—Presto Agitats.....*L. Von Beethoven.*
Miss Bertha Meiser.

Soprano—Flight of Ages.....*Bevan.*
Miss Laura Gemberling.

Melody in F—op 3. No. 1.....*Rubenstine.*
Miss Fanne Ellis.

Soprano—Spring Song.....*Weil.*
Miss Estelle Zimmerman.

The Rhapsdoie Hongroise, No. 2.....*Liszt.*
Miss Isabelle Robison.

L'Invitation a La Valse. op 65.....*Von Weber.*
Miss Margaret Arbogast.

Spinning Song—Flying Dutchman.....*Wagner.*
Miss Bertha Meiser.

Minuette—Louis XV, op 370.....*De Konski.*
Miss Fanne Ellis.

Contralto Solos..*a* Like Unto a Star (Barcarolle).....*Coverly.*
b Bitte.....*Bohn.*
Miss Bertha Meiser.

Soprano—Charmant Oiseau—La Perle du Bresie.....*David.*
Miss Margaret Arbogast.

Piano Quartette—Fantaisie Facile.....*de Mozart.*
Misses Robison, Arbogast, Meiser, Ellis.

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL.

Piano.

Miss Margaret Arbogast,
Miss Bertha Meiser,
Miss Fanne Ellis,
Miss Isabelle Robison.

Voice.

Miss Margaret Arbogast,
Miss Bertha Meiser.
Miss Estelle Zimmerman.

Class of 1904.

Flower—Daisy.

Motto—Fearlessness—Obedience—Self-Control.

Music is art, and all art is expression,
The "Beauty of poem" but embodies the thought,
Impressions one ray of that wisdom supernal
Which Genius to sense blinded mortals has brought.
Then give us the artists whose selfless devotion
To Art and her service is earnest and true,
To read, 'tis the mystical meaning of music;
Musicians are many, but Artists are few.

Concert by the Susquehanna University Musical Clubs.



OFFICERS.

C. A. KEELEY.....Musical Director.

D. J. SNYDER.....Leader of Mandolin and Guitar Club.

E. M. GEARHART.....Leader of Orchestra.

M. H. FISCHER.....Leader of Glee Club.

E. R. WINGARD.....Business Manager of Combined Clubs.



Susquehanna University Musical Organization.



Glee Club.

First Tenors.

M. H. Fischer, Leader. E. R. Wingard.

Second Tenors.

Clay Whitmoyer, L. E. Keefer,

V. E. Fritz.

First Bassos.

C. E. Tool, F. W. Barry.

E. M. Gearhart.

Second Bassos.

D. J. Snyder, C. R. Allenbach.

Mandolin and Guitar Club.



First Mandolins.

C. A. Keeley, D. J. Snyder.

E. M. Gearhart.

Second Mandolin.

L. E. Keefer.

Third Mandolins.

Sigmund Weis, F. W. Barry.

Guitars.

M. H. Fischer, Clay Whitmoyer,

H. Wagenseller.

Banjo.

"Jud" Diehl.

Flute.

C. E. Tool.

Violin.

V. E. Fritz.

Programme:



PART I.

The Man of the Moment.....*Swope.*
ORCHESTRA.

When Day Fades.....*Parks.*
GLEE CLUB.

Guest of Honor.....*Kendall.*
MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.

Cornet Solo.....*Selected.*
MR. SNYDER.

Juanita.....*Parks.*
GLEE CLUB.

Vocal Solo.....*Selected.*
MR. DIEHL.

PROGRAMME.

PART II.

Uncle Josh in Town.....*Whitney.*
ORCHESTRA.

"Katie Did".....*Schultzer.*
MR. TOOL AND GLEE CLUB.

Mercedes Waltz.....*Van Horn.*
MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.

The Story of a Tack.....*Parks.*
GLEE CLUB.

Banjo Solo.....*Selected.*
MR. DIEHL.

The Sword of Uncle Sam.....*Bullard.*
GLEE CLUB.

Public Exhibition and Graduating Exercises

OF THE

ORATORY DEPARTMENT

OF

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY.

June 12 1903.

PROGRAMME.

Music.....COMMANDER.....*Salzer.*

PRAYER.

READING.

The Violet Fantasy.....BELLA ROBISON.

READING.

The Minuet.....*Mrs. Mary M. Dodge.*

AGNES SELIN SCHOCH.

READING.

The Coming out of Miss Cummings.....*Livingstone.*

CATHERINE EFFIE BREIMEIER.

READING.

The Fight with the Aurochs.....*Quo Vadis.*

MINNIE L. KLINE.

Pantomime.....The Holy City...

MISS MINNIE L. KLINE, MISS CATHERINE EFFIE BREIMEIER,

MISS S. GRACE SNYDER.

READING.

The Whistling Regiment.....MARIE SNYDER.

READING.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.....*Pauline Phelps*

MINNIE L. KLINE.

ROSE DRILL BY TEN YOUNG LADIES.

PANTOMIME.

Ode to the Passions.....*Collins.*

READING.

Laureame The Marble Dream.....*E. D. Banks.*

CATHERINE EFFIE BREIMEIER.

READING.

The Plea of Sergeant Prentiss.....*N. L. F. Bachman.*

W. I. BINGAMAN.

MUSIC.

Questella Valse.....*Mestervich.*

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

MUSIC.

The Sentry.....*Haskins*

GRADUATING CLASS.

CATHERINE EFFIE BREIMEIER, MINNIE L. KLINE.

Susquehanna University Conservatory of Music.

ARTIST RECITAL

BY

MISS PAULINE WOLTMANN,

Seibert Concert Hall.

Tuesday Evening, December 8, 1903, at 8 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

I CLASSICAL SONGS.

a. *Caldora.*—(1671–1763) Selve Amiche.
b. *Schubert.*—Ganymede.
c. *Handel.*—(1683–1751) Come and trip it
Arranged by MARY CARMICHAEL.
d. *Bach.*—(1685–1750) My heart ever faithful.
e. *Gluck.*—(1714–1787) O del mio dolce ardor.
f. *Beethoven.*—(1770–1827) God's Glory in Nature.

II ARIA.

Verdi. "O don fatale"—from Don Carlos.

III GERMAN LIEDE.

a. *Schumann.*—Er der Herrlichste von Allen.
b. *Franz.*—Im Herbst.
c. *Strauss.*—Traum durch die Dammrung.
d. *Strauss.*—Muttertandeli.
e. *Brahms.*—Immer leiser.
f. *Brahms.*—Meine Liebe ist grun.

IV MODERN SONGS.

a. *Holmes.*—Le Chevalier Belle Etoile.
b. *Henschel.*—No More.
c. *Batten.*—By Golden Hours.
d. *Chadwick.*—In my Beloved's eyes.
e. *Beach.*—The Year's at the Spring.

E. EDWIN SHELDON Accompanist.

Annual Track and Field Sports, Susquehanna University.

Athletic Feld June 16, at 8 P. M.

OFFICIALS.

Referee.....H. D. Hevner.

Judge of Track Events..... Dr. H. F. Wagenseller, Prof. Waleize, Rev. C. P. MacLaughlin.

Field Events..... Prof. Birch, E. R. Wingard, Bruce Metzgar.

Timers..... Prof. Smith. Mr. Weatherly.

Geo. S. Schoch.....Starter.

J. P. Harley.....Clerk and Announcer

PROGRAMME.

100-Yard Dash—Gearhart, 1. Fleck, 2. Pearson, 3. Time 10½ seconds.

Mile Run—Latsha, 1; Kempfer, 2. Time, 5.16.

220-Yard Hurdle—Gearhart, 1; Pearson, 2. Time, 1.30.

Shot Put—Bingaman, 1; Gearhart, 2. 37 3-10 feet

880-Yard Run—Price, 1; Latsha, 2.

Pole Vault—Whitmer, 1; Gearhart, 2.

High Jump—Gearhart, 1.

Hammer Throw—Sones, 1. Gearhart, 2; Bingaman, 3.

220-Yards Dash—Gearhart, 1; Fleck, 2; Dale, 3; Price, 4.

120-Yard Hurdle—Gearhart, 1.

Broad Jump—Gearhart, 1; Whitmer, 2; Pearson, 3.

440-Yard Run—Latsha, 1; Price, 2; Pearson, 3.

Morituri Salutamus, O Sophomores!



"Its up to you." We've done our little stunt and now turn everything pertaining to the LANTHORN over to you. You're welcome to it all, for we are full to the brim.

Experience is a worthy teacher, and since we have gone through the mill we beg to offer a few remarks. You have made but one mistake thus far. You ought to have begun on your annual twenty moons ago. But do not despair. Take off your coats, remove your collars and cuffs, roll up your sleeves, bury your fingers in your hair, and by close, careful, persistent application for ten long, busy, temper-trying months, you will come out successful.

If, after doing your best, you are criticised, don't mind it. Some people must "knock" as well as breathe. Wait until they write an annual of their own. They are the kind of people who read The Susquehanna over a fellow-student's shoulder and go home when there is an important football game. Roast everybody! There are three reasons why you should roast people. In the first place they are disappointed if you don't, in the second place they need it, and thirdly, it is your duty to furnish amusement for people at others' expense.

Our weary band has reached its destination, inkstained but wiser. Our little joust is over, our lances laid at rest. To you who follow us, O Sophomores, Greeting. So perform your tasks that when your summons comes to go, you too may draw the Mantle of Obscurity about you and smilingly say "Caesar, Morituri Salutamus!"

THE STAFF.

As the old woman said: "So 'tis as 'tis and it can't be no 'tiser."


FINIS
M. Callemans

ADZ

HERE THEY ARE,
AND GOOD ONES, TOO;
PATRONIZE THEM
FOR THEY'VE HELPED YOU.


THE
ILLUSTRATIONS
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THE
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YOUR EYE



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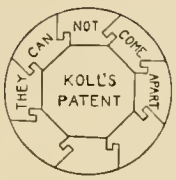
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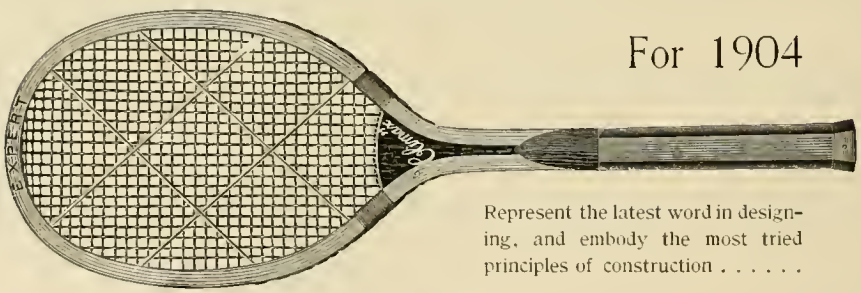
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